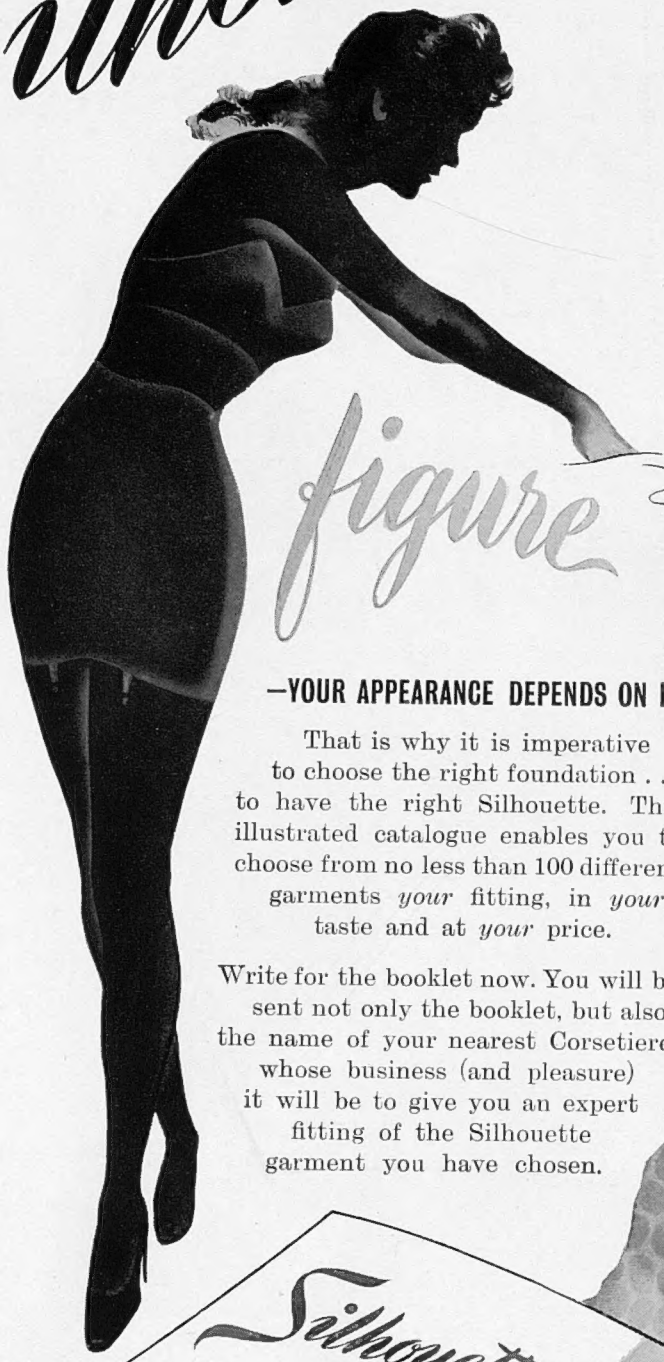
BRITANNIA and EVE

APRIL, 1953
TWO SHILLINGS

Silhouette your figure



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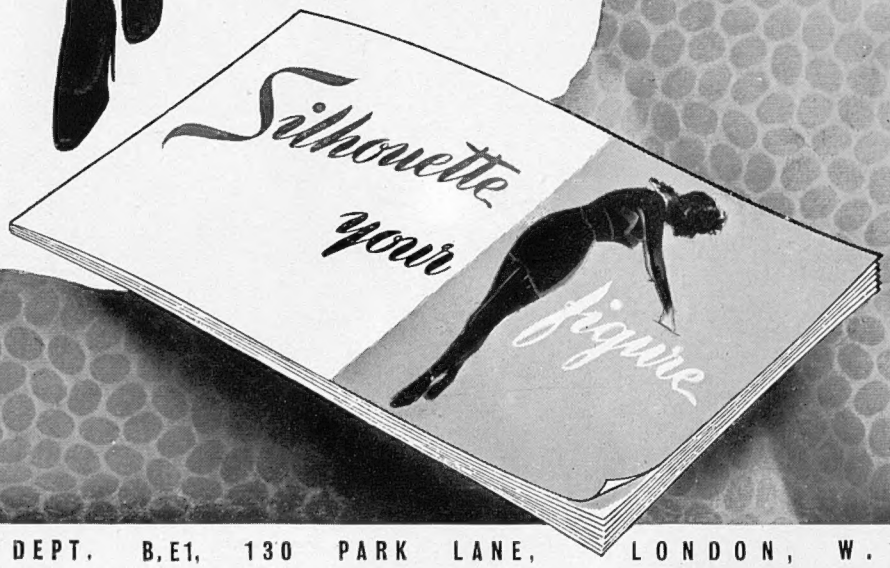

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 46 No. 4 APRIL, 1953

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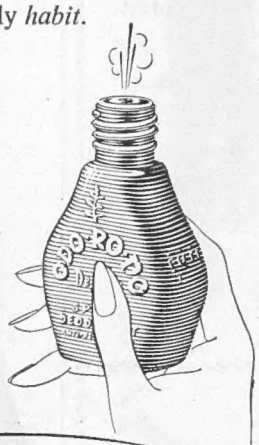

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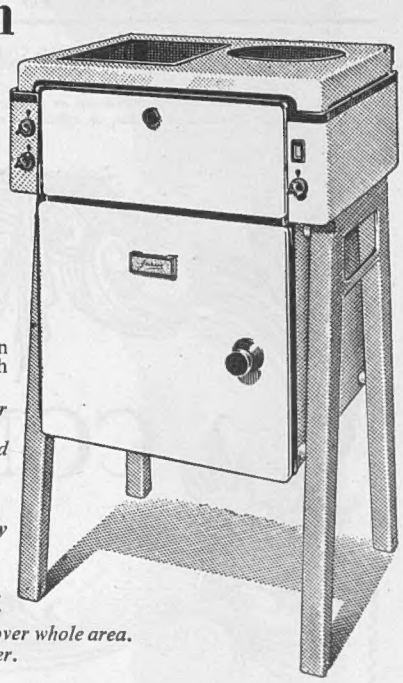

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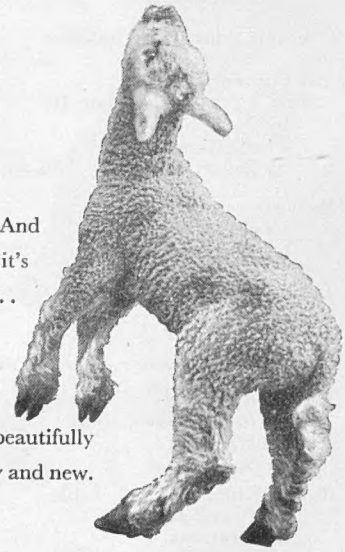

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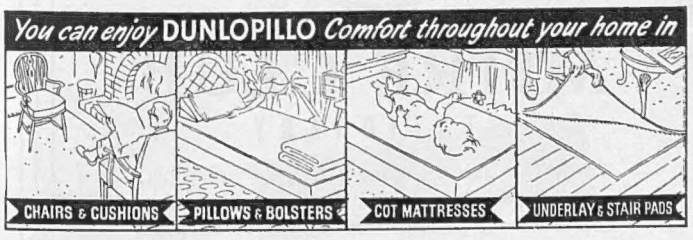
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No. 20

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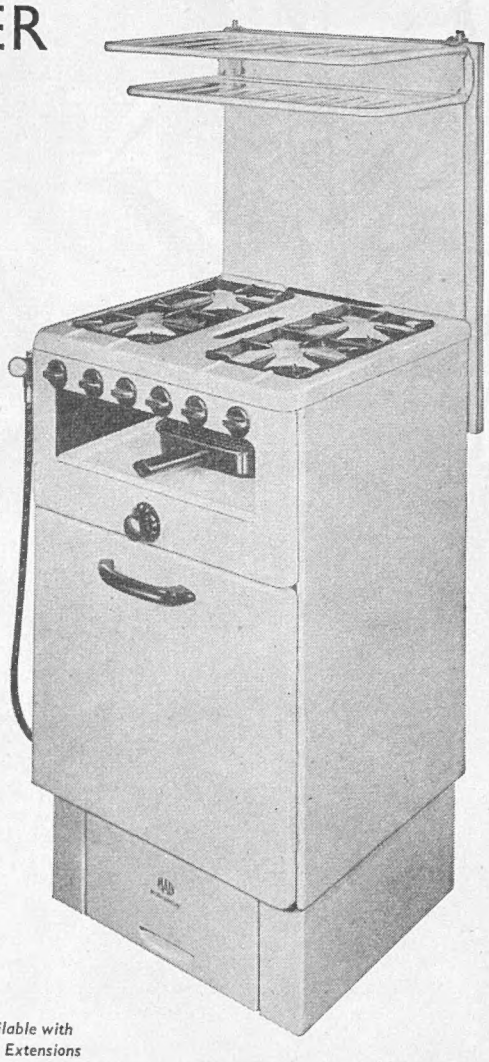

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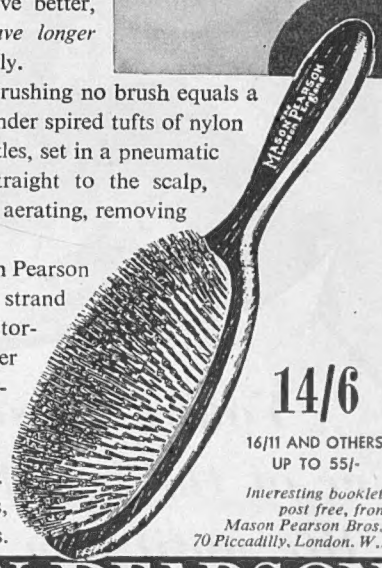

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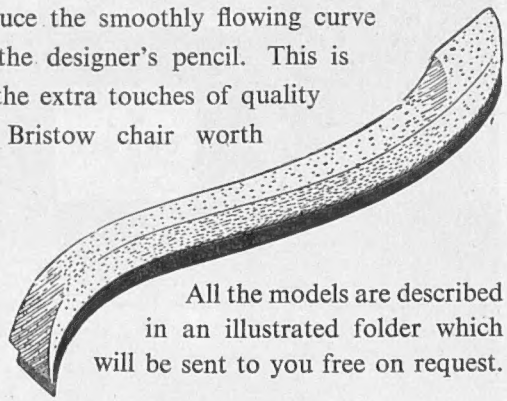

All the models are described in an illustrated folder which will be sent to you free on request.

Bristow

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Breex

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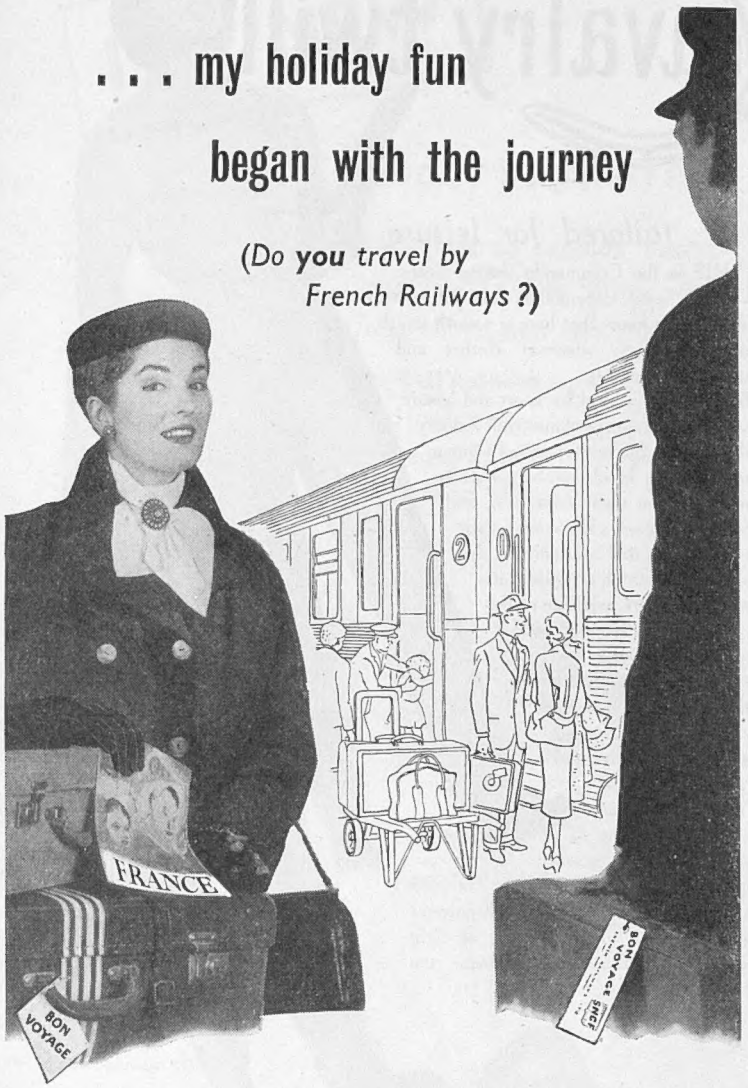
GOING TO THE CONTINENT?

. . . my holiday fun began with the journey

*(Do **you** travel by French Railways?)*



As you journey swiftly and comfortably towards your place in the sun, with the beautiful, unfamiliar French landscape gliding past your window, you realize that travelling by French Railways is a holiday in itself. For the French know how to provide for your comfort — in food and wine *en route*, in gracefully appointed carriages, in the punctuality of their services and the unobtrusive helpfulness of the staff.

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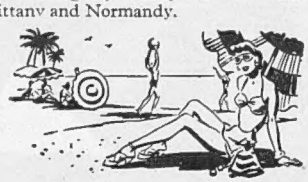

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Face Powder

will give your skin a fresher... smoother... more *natural* complexion loveliness than you have ever known before...

Because it's so incredibly soft and fine in texture . . . because it has such magical *stay-on* powers . . . because it gives your skin a fresh, glamorous smoothness and warm, radiant just-right colour loveliness . . . for all these reasons Max Factor's fragrantly perfumed face powder brings to your make-up a finishing touch of greater . . . more *natural* loveliness—than you have ever known. Try it today.

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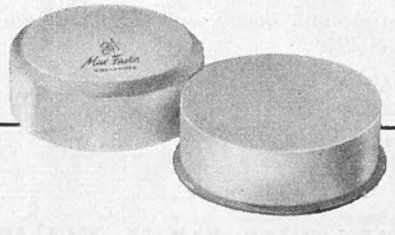
as she looks when away from the cameras.
This lovely lady of the screen now starring in M.G.M's
"DANGEROUS WHEN WET"
is one of many Hollywood beauties who depend on Max Factor Face Powder for that fresh, young, *natural* look . . . wherever they go . . . whatever they do!
To tone with her tan complexion and light brownette hair, Esther chooses Max Factor Summer Tan Face Powder.

1. Powder profusely, starting at chin and continuing over entire face, applying to nose last.

2. Press powder lightly into fine lines around the eyes, nose, mouth and blend away uneven streaks.

3. Now lightly brush away surplus with Powder Brush and you'll have the beautiful finishing touch to your make-up that only Max Factor's Face Powder can give you.



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MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD

—for that "Fresh, Young, *Natural* Look"

The Prodigal Son

By

ROBIN MAUGHAM

THE park was not crowded that cold Wednesday evening in autumn. A few people clustered round the impassioned lecturer on Free Trade at Speakers' Corner. Fewer still loitered near the man in the shabby city suit. There were no flamboyant banners behind him, and he stood on a low, wooden stool. His quiet voice and awkward gestures attracted little attention. He spoke in a North Country accent, slowly, without vitality, like a child repeating a lesson, while his eyes flickered round his small audience.

"And this son gathered all together," he was saying, "and went into a far country, and there wasted his money with riotous living. And when he had spent all, he began to be in want. And he found a man who sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he was so hungry that he ate their food . . ."

The typist clutched her companion, who was restive.

"He 'll get all confused in a moment," she whispered. "Just you wait. It 's quite a scream. He 's here every

The man's eyes were glazed as he stared straight ahead towards the passing traffic.

Wednesday night, and it 's always just the same. You must wait—just to see. Then we 'll go off for a cuppa."

The man still spoke in a slow, dull voice, but his eyes, now lifted beyond his audience, were searching feverishly.

" And the son thought to himself: I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, ' Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.' So he began the journey home. But when he was still a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him."

" The father kissed him," the man repeated, and then stopped.

The typist nudged her friend. " They didn't half carry on in those days," she tittered.

THE man did not hear her laugh. His eyes were glittering, and when he continued his voice was no longer calm. Each word seemed to quiver with his emotion.

" And the son said to him, ' Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.' But the father said to his servants, ' Bring forth the best robe and put it on him, and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet. And kill the fatted calf; and let us eat and be merry. For this my son was dead, and is alive again. He was lost, and is found.' "

" Now he goes completely balmy," the girl whispered.

The man's eyes were glazed as he stared straight ahead towards the passing traffic.

" The father forgave him ! " he cried suddenly. " He welcomed his son home. But he could have turned him away. He could have sent him packing. And he would have been perfectly justified. After all, the boy had behaved most wrongly. He could have turned him out. Or he could have delivered him to the authorities and let the law take its course. Let the law take its course . . ."

" The record 's stuck. Put in a new needle," the typist giggled.

" He could have delivered him to the authorities," the man repeated stupidly, while his mind lurched back . . .

Life was such fun—so happy and carefree, until suddenly, one day, it came to an end.

HIS gaze always returned to the mirror with its curly green frame which seemed out of place against the dark panelling of the college room. In it he could see the two of them reflected: Sylvia, his wife, pale and fragile, leaning gracefully against the velvet cushions, and Rodney, his son, sprawling on the sofa beside her, his hand stretched out to clasp her hand.

He walked across to the long window and stared out at the Great Court while he listened to their conversation.

" Your father had to drive up to Hull for the launching of the new ship. She really is beautiful," Sylvia was saying. " So we decided to call in to see our son and heir on the way home."

" Mummy, what a wonderful surprise ! " Rodney cried eagerly. " But just think if you 'd arrived to find my rooms littered with chorus-girls."

Looking at his son's wavy hair and delicate features, Charles Turner decided it was highly improbable.

" What a terrible son I have, to be sure," Sylvia laughed.

" It was the pixies what did it," Rodney explained gaily. " I 'm a changeling. Didn't you know ? "

" You 're a little horror ! " Sylvia said, tapping his hand.

" I know I am."

Charles turned. Suddenly the boy's voice was serious.

" But be patient with me. Please," Rodney said quietly. " Life 's such fun just now. Those beastly years at school I never believed it was possible to be so happy. Each morning now when I wake up, at first I can't believe it 's true. Let me be happy while I can. Let me be stupid and carefree. Just one more term. And then I 'll start to work. I promise I will. I 'll give up smoking and drinking and going to races. I 'll work all day long, I swear it."

Charles pretended not to see his wife's appealing look.

" When I was your age," he said harshly, " I was working twelve hours a day for three pounds ten a week in the dockyard. Why should we pay our good money for you to gad about college with other young idiots like yourself ? "

Even as he spoke he was conscious of his accent and rough voice.

" But Charles," Sylvia said gently, " because you suffered when you were young, why should Rodney ? "

" Suffered ? If I suffered, then ninety-nine per cent. of the whole human race is suffering ! I didn't suffer. I worked. And I 'm proud I did work. If I hadn't we wouldn't be where we are to-day with a Rolls and a chauffeur waiting to take us back to London."

" But, Daddy, can't you see that I 'm grateful ? " Rodney said. " I 'm more grateful than I can say."

" You 're grateful for what you can squeeze out of me."

THE words had blurted out of his mouth before he considered them. He was now angry because he felt remorse.

" Charles, that 's unfair ! " Sylvia said quietly. " You know Rodney loves you."

" He doesn't know it ! " Rodney cried suddenly. " And he never will—whatever we say. Because he doesn't want to believe it. He owns a cargo line. He 's a great man. Only that counts in his eyes. He can't believe anyone can love him just for himself."

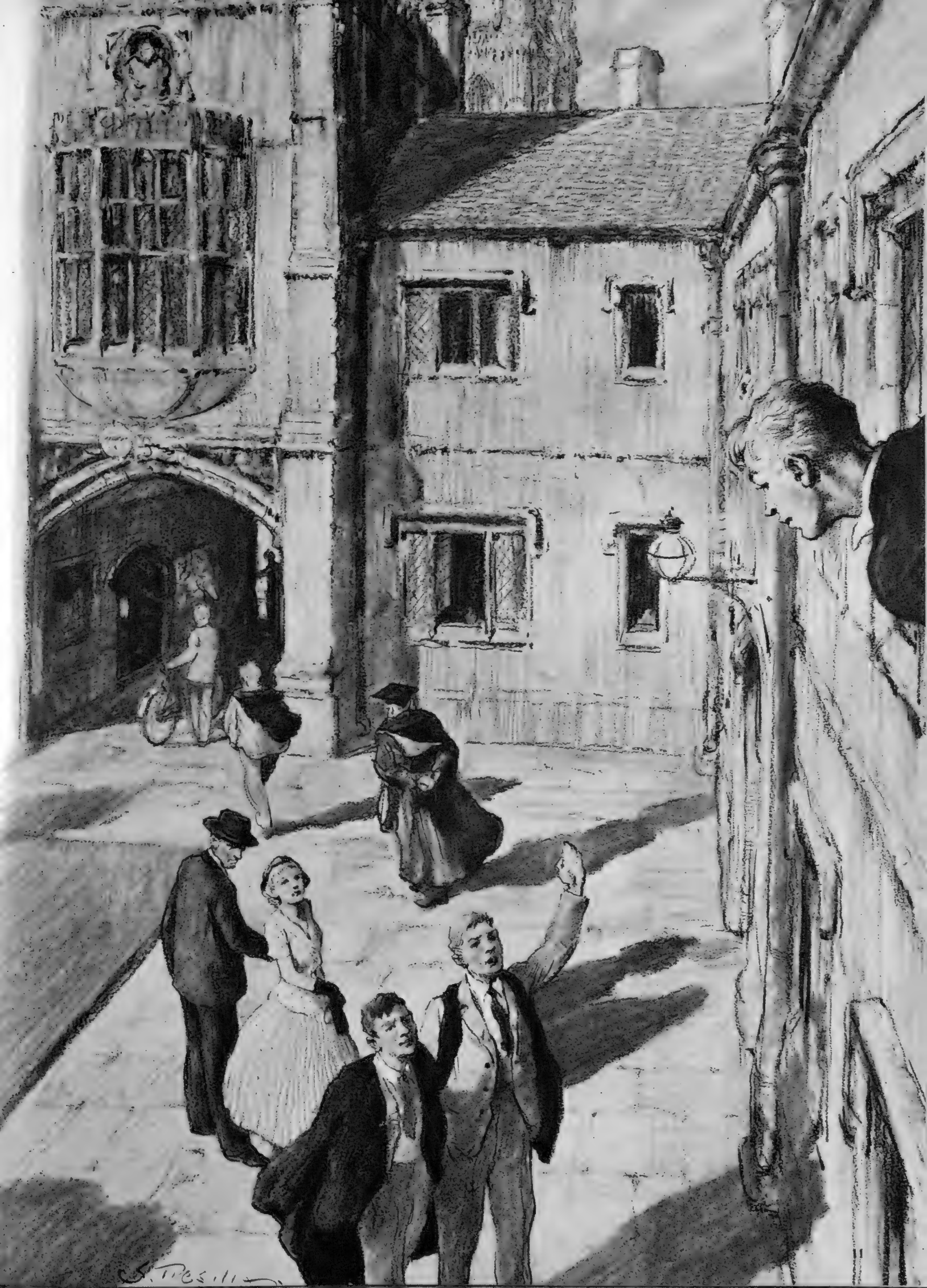
" You mustn't speak like that," Sylvia murmured.

" Let the boy say what he likes."

Charles turned to his son. He was breathing heavily.

" I 've made my own way in the world. Yes, I 'm proud of it, I confess. But all along the line I 've been limited because I 'd no education. I know it. That 's why I 've given you this chance. So you should be better than me. But I tell you this right now. Rather than be known as a happy-go-lucky waster I 'd prefer to have the reputation of an honest and hard-working man—even if I can't appreciate artistic stuff like that mirror you 're both so daft about."

As Charles and Sylvia walked out into the Great Court, two undergraduates were standing beneath Rodney's window. " We 're off to Newmarket ! " one shouted. " Coming ? "



Illustrations by S. TRESILIAN

Feverishly Sylvia scanned the faces at Speaker's Corner. Perhaps he would be early. There were few people about, because it was a bleak, wet evening. Rodney must come soon. At seven-thirty she must leave the Park.

"I agree, Daddy. But surely one can be honest and hard-working and still love baroque?"

"Precisely. But your tutor's dissatisfied with your work and you're overdrawn at the bank. That's why I've come here. This gambling's got to stop. You'll get not one penny more from me. And if you don't get down to work you'll leave at the end of this term."

* * *

As Charles and Sylvia walked out into the Great Court, two undergraduates were standing beneath Rodney's window.

"Rodney, you old stick-in-the-mud," the taller one was shouting, "we're off to dine at Newmarket. Coming?"

"Sorry, I can't to-night."

"Well, at least ask us up for a drink."

"All right. But not for long."

Sylvia turned to Charles. "Try to understand," she said.

"The boy's got to learn discipline," he replied.

* * *

When a secretary showed the dapper middle-aged man into his office, Charles got up to shake his hand and spoke briskly to conceal his disquiet.

"I understand from your card that you're the local manager of the National Industrial Bank at the University," he said. "What can I do for you?"

"I'm afraid I've come upon an awkward errand, Mr. Turner," the manager said.

"Well, what is it?"

"Your son has an account at our branch."

"I know—I know."

The manager took out a smart notecase from his pocket. From it he took out a cheque which he handed to Charles.

"Is that your signature, sir?" he asked quietly.

Charles forced himself to look at the words on the cheque form.

"Pay Rodney Turner," he read, "one hundred pounds. £100. Charles Turner."

The signature was a blatant forgery.

Then waves of fierce rage swept over him. The little idiot, he thought. Because I'd made out so many cheques for a hundred he reckoned I wouldn't notice. The fool! He only took the risk because he thought I'd protect him if he was found out. The spoilt coward! He wouldn't come straight to me. Oh, no. He cheated like a common crook.

THE room swayed before him. With a great effort Charles controlled himself.

"No," he said coldly. "That is not my signature."

His voice seemed to come from far away. He gripped the desk hard. The room was steadier now, and he was aware that the manager was talking.

"I'm sure that you will appreciate that we will do our best to avoid a prosecution. Unfortunately, this bookmaker——"

"Avoid prosecution?" Charles interrupted. "Why should you avoid prosecution?"

"But surely——"

"Surely I want to protect my son? Just suppose I wasn't rich? Suppose I only earned five pounds a week, with a wife to support? Suppose my son was a docker, not an undergraduate? Would there be any chance of avoiding prosecution then?"

"Under the circumstances——"

"The circumstances don't change the fact that my son has broken the law like any other common crook."

"If I may point out——"

"Does the boy's mother know?"

"Naturally, I came to you first."

"Thank you, sir. You have acted properly according to your own lights. Now you must let me act according to mine. (*Continued on page 74*)

Cost of living

The standard "food basket" of today must include more than the average cost of food, if the cost of living is to be estimated. More is spent today than before the war, on drink, tobacco and amusement, and less on food owing to subsidies

EACH week this year members of four hundred British households are starting the most careful piece of budgeting that they have probably ever undertaken. For three weeks they will be counting every penny they spend and recording the details on an official form. They are some of the specially chosen domestic "guinea-pigs" who are helping to answer the question: How much does it cost the typical British family to live?

To solve this problem the Ministry of Labour started last January to probe the finances of 20,000 homes at the rate of four hundred a week: 20,000 homes in which householders, housewives and all responsible dwellers over sixteen (excluding youngsters still at school) will contribute enough data on weekly and annual spending to give a clear idea where the family money goes in 1953.

Besides keeping tabs on their day-to-day personal expenses these folk will answer inquiries (where applicable) about the make-up of their households, outlay on rent, repairs, heating, etc., cost of education, insurances, licences, season tickets and other periodic dues.

Why is such an investigation necessary? Chiefly to provide an accurate and up-to-date basis for a revised index of retail prices. And retail prices, being the charges which people pay for the thousand-and-one goods and services of ordinary life, make up the sum total of the cost of living.

The particular need for a regularly revised retail price index arises because the wages of some two million workers are tied to it and rise or fall with it. An outdated index of retail prices gives a false cost-of-living picture and means that the pay packets are wrongly related to current requirements.

And seeing that the last comprehensive survey was made in 1937–38 and that family spending habits and standards of living have changed vastly since then, the present inquiry is badly wanted.

Government interest in family living-costs dates from 1904. It was then that the first official investigation into the prices, amounts and kinds of foods consumed by working people was made. As a result, a standard "food-basket" ("weighted" in proportion to the relative amounts of each food consumed) was made up and used in cost-of-living calculations for over a decade.

But this was not the whole story of what it cost the Edwardian working man to live: other things like clothes, housing, entertainment and so on were unaccounted for. And in 1914 these items—assessed by estimate rather than actual inquiry—were added to the "basket."

SO it went on until 1937, with the basketful of 1904 and 1914 goods becoming rapidly outmoded. For in these twenty or thirty years, particularly, there were a thousand changes in people's style of living and countless new products appeared that made claims upon their spending money.

The 1937–38 investigation brought things more or less up-to-date; and then came the war. And this upheaval and its aftermath played very queer (*Continued on page* 60)

By
GUY LIVINGSTON

WOMEN IN

WOMEN in political life have never been voting machines says ALAN BRIEN. From the first they have beeen individualists and rebels putting personal conscience before political expediency

Top: Elizabeth Braddock, the stormy petrel of the female parliamentary force. **Left:** Dr. Edith Summerskill and **(right)** red-haired ex-secretary Pat Hornsby-Smith, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Health

FOUR hundred years ago bearded, craggy-visaged John Knox coined that vivid phrase, "the monstrous regiment of women." How aptly now it conjures up visions of amazons in bombazine, hat pins at the ready and handbags swinging as their sensible, square-toed shoes beat a military tattoo on the cobbles.

With it we recall the guerrilla warfare of the suffragettes, those prim, long-skirted Edwardian women, the glimpse of whose ankles made the well-buttoned and watch-chained male sweat under his side whiskers.

Yet, prim as they were, they chained themselves to the gallery of the House of Commons and hurled abuse at the embarrassed Prime Minister. They threw leaflets at the Lord Mayor's procession, were forcibly fed in jail by warders with steel tubes, and one hurled herself under the fatal hooves of the King's horse at Tattenham Corner. Knox was not referring to a female Brigade of Guards. The Scots preacher was horrified at the unnatural and Satanic suggestion that women should ever govern men.

Nevertheless, by the end of the nineteenth century, the example of Queen Victoria and Queen Elizabeth I had reconciled most men to a female sovereign. But women county councillors? Never!

Not until 1908 was the first woman mayor permitted, Mrs. Garrett Anderson of Aldeburgh. By then the battle for woman's suffrage was being waged in earnest. The men were on the defensive and refused even to discuss the arguments. "I am not going to be hen-pecked on a question of such importance," said Mr. Churchill tersely in 1906. Was woman's place to be in the kitchen, or in the House? The first World war convinced the doubters that women were *people*, and useful people to have around in an emergency. An American woman, thirty-nine year old Nancy Langhorne, Lady Astor, became the first woman to take her seat. Mr. Churchill has described her appearance there as "almost as though a woman had wandered into the drying room of a Turkish bath."

CERTAINLY this sweet-faced, bitter-tongued Virginian was not the average male M.P.'s idea of the life and soul of the Party. She was passionately opposed to gambling, drinking and smoking, three favourite topics and pastimes in the "best club in the world." Enormously wealthy, she could not be patronized as "a poor little woman" even by the most prosperous of business men. A crack rifle shot and a first-rate golfer, she held her own with the most sporty of the landed gentry.

She treated the House like a schoolmarm knocking a simple lesson into the heads of a crowd of unruly and backward children. We hear much today about the ill-manners of parliamentarians. But here is a sample of Lady Astor in action taken at random from Hansard for August, 1936. After an all-night sitting discussing an increase in the dole, she entered freshly and smartly dressed with a large aster in her corsage. Rather pointedly she surveyed the untidy benches and asked the Speaker if a window could be opened to let in a little fresh air. She began her speech. "I have a husband who has never been wrong about agriculture," she said proudly. "Does he ever get a silent moment?" interrupted the Irish Socialist, David Logan. "I am grateful there is not an Irish party here," she replied. "We have an American party," shouted another Socialist. "Who won the Derby?" called out another. (Lord Astor was a non-betting horse-racer.) And so the interchange of Parliamentary discourtesies continued with Lady Astor looking even more demure and well-laundered when she finished than when she began.

THE HOUSE

What frightened the leaders of the all-male parties, when female suffrage was suggested, was not the idea of politicians in skirts, Boadiceas of the back-bench. The truth is that they feared that there might be a Woman's Party which would cut across all the conventional political aims. They imagined that women would vote only for women and regard themselves as a female task-force dedicated to enacting complete equality.

THE leaders of the women's suffrage movement believed this, too. They were prepared to be caricatured and imprisoned, batoned by the police and disowned by their husbands, to achieve the magic vote. They saw it as a kind of Aladdin's lamp which would abolish war and foggy winters, produce understanding husbands and cheap food, more leisure and fewer slums.

"I have never seen orators so inspired or meetings so wildly enthusiastic," wrote Bernard Shaw. The suffragettes were irritated and contemptuous when he warned them that votes for women would mean their virtual self-exclusion from Parliament, and that what was needed was "a constitutional law that all public authorities should have a representative proportion of women on them, votes or no votes."

As Shaw prophesied, the election of 1919 produced a House of Commons containing 614 men and one woman in a country with nineteen million men and twenty-one million women. Every one of the famous suffragette leaders had been defeated at the polls. The legal disabilities of women remained unrepealed for many a year. As late as 1938, a man could divorce his wife for infidelity, but she could not divorce him for the same offence. There are still no women judges, members of the House of Lords or ministers of the Church of England. Though every Government agrees on the principle, each one finds a new excuse for postponing the granting of equal pay for women.

DESPITE their rarity (sixty-one in thirty-four years), the women M.P.s have contributed a great deal that is valuable to our political life. Very few of them have been obedient party-liners, automatic voting machines which trundle into the lobby at the crack of the three-line whip. From the first they have been individualists and rebels putting personal conscience before political expediency. They have introduced (*Continued on page* 66)

The first woman ever elected was the beautiful Countess Markievicz, who murdered a policeman in the Sinn Fein riots, and was never able to enter this country to claim her seat

Lady Astor of the sweet face and the bitter tongue was the first woman to enter Parliament though an American by birth. She is on the right of this group taken in 1919

Demonstrations by the suffragettes sometimes wore a deceptively peaceful aspect, as on the occasion of this Tour of London, when the demonstrators were gaily dressed as for a wedding

More often this passionately militant force was embroiled in scenes like this. No sacrifice of dignity or personal safety was too great for the women who paved the way for enfranchisement

It may happen to you

Request

Invitation

Demand

By Ruth Miller

THIS article is not for the self-confident, who can take new situations in their stride. It is for those who suffer pangs of trepidation when confronted with the unfamiliar. This is to put you in the picture, should you, for instance, be asked to . . .

SERVE ON A JURY

This might happen to anyone, as all British subjects over twenty-one who are ratepayers are liable to be called as jurors. You will get the summons by registered post and there is no getting out of it, unless a doctor's certificate is forthcoming. Non-appearance in court is taken as "contempt of court" and is a punishable offence.

You will not be expected to know the finer points of law. All you will have to do is to weigh the evidence as "summed up" by the judge. You will naturally be expected in court every day that the case is "on." If you are chosen to serve (more are called than actually required, so that you may not have to serve after all), you will be sworn in. You can swear the oath on the Bible or take the oath without, in which case you say you want to "affirm." At the end of the case you can claim 5s. a day for meals and up to £1 a day for loss of earnings, but you cannot claim a penny if you are "only" a housewife, not even if you had to engage a baby-sitter.

GIVE EVIDENCE IN COURT

If you have volunteered to be a witness you will be informed when and where the case is to be heard. At the court, counsel for the party for whom you appear will go through your evidence with you. When you go into the witness-box, you will be questioned by counsel, but your answers must be directed to the judge, a bit confusing when you are not used to it. As a witness you will not be required to give your opinion, but just stick to the facts.

You should stay in court all the time your case is being heard, even after giving your evidence, unless you are specifically told that you will not be re-called. If it is a difficult case the hearing might last a day, or more, but again the solicitor could give you some rough idea how long.

If you have been subpoenad as a witness that is rather different. Non-appearance is a serious matter and will be taken as "contempt of court" unless, like the juror, a medical certificate of ill health is forthcoming. In criminal cases, witnesses wait in the witnesses' waiting-room until called as they are not allowed to hear previous evidence.

ACT AS GODMOTHER AT A CHRISTENING

Sounds so simple, but there is more to it than giving a silver mug. You are, in fact, being asked to make yourself responsible for the spiritual welfare of the child. Read up the Service of Public Baptism of Infants in the Book of Common Prayer beforehand to see what is implied.

At the church, the verger will group the family and godparents around the font and hand to each godparent (for boys one godmother, two godfathers, for girls two godmothers, one godfather) a card on which are printed the promises the clergyman will ask you to make. Just before the naming of the child, one of the godmothers takes the child and hands it to the clergyman.

PRESIDE AT A COMMITTEE MEETING

As chairman you will be responsible for the orderliness and correct conduct of the meeting. You must avoid making controversial statements in committee and must not move any motion other than formal ones.

So much for the ethical side of chairmanship. Your practical duties as chairman will be to open the meeting (a few words suffices), to sign the minutes of the previous meeting after they have been read and approved, and then to invite discussion on the items on the agenda, taken in order. You should (tactfully) keep speakers to the point, and invite members to speak (giving all "sides" a chance). It is up to the chairman to see that motions are precisely and correctly worded and it is she, not the mover of a motion, who asks for a seconder.

MEET ROYALTY

Royalty is making a local visit and you are to represent your organization or society. What is expected of you, should you be presented? You will curtsy to all members of the Royal family, male or female. In the cases of younger members, it is advisable to ask the appropriate private secretary what is expected as no definite age at which Royalty has to be curtsied to has been laid down. After curtsying, it is not necessary to walk away backwards, nor is one expected to take special lessons in correct curtsying. A dignified curtsy, even if not in the best débutante tradition, is perfectly in order.

Normally, the Royal personage will speak first, and they are so well schooled in putting us at ease that there are seldom awkward pauses in the conversation. But if there should be, it is quite permissible to address them. The Queen is "Your Majesty" or "M'am," the others are "M'am" or "Sir" respectively, or "Your Royal Highness."

Round Knight of the Table

By Powell Hill

THEY had tea in a glaring, be-orchestra'd smart restaurant. He was conscious only of a fervent desire for peace and quiet as he looked at his charming frustrator

MR. POMFREY, making his first appearance in the dining-room of the Bellevue Private Hotel, thought the scene an extremely pleasant one. Perhaps "scene" is hardly the word. For it must be admitted that although he was by no means insensible to the visible charms of a room filled with brown and happy holiday-makers, and opening full on to a sea calm and benign in the mellow sunlight of a summer evening, the chief cause of his enchantment entered, not by way of his shy and beaming eyes, but by the less exalted doorway of his broad and good-natured nose and was, in fact, the delicious odour of well-cooked food.

And when, during the course of dinner, expectation became firmly wedded to realization, Mr. Pomfrey felt that life, in spite of its complications, was well worth living. For there was no doubt about it, soberly reflected Mr. Pomfrey, as he strolled ponderously from dining-room to lounge, smoothing his remaining wisp of hair which was showing a mean tendency to forsake the discreet fan-shaped attitude imposed upon it, life *was* complicated. And unexpected.

"THAT'S it—unexpected!" said Mr. Pomfrey, cautiously parking his sixteen stone in the most substantial chair. "Who'd have thought of Constance and Henry going off like that?"

Who indeed? Constance (what's in a name? thought Mr. Pomfrey bitterly) was his sister, and Henry was the other half of the large Midland manufacturing firm of Pomfrey & Bassett. And it was a matter of wonder to others beside Mr. Pomfrey that a calm, twenty-year-old friendship should suddenly have blossomed into something so violent that it was, apparently, unappeasable except by marriage. Moreover, this belated and regrettable spring feeling had, most unfortunately, coincided with Mr. Pomfrey's retirement. He had, rather pathetically, done his best not to be a nuisance. He had even tried golf. But to no purpose. Something in Mr. Pomfrey's personal equator seemed unfavourable to golf. So he mooned about in a strangely empty world until the traitorous Henry, slapping him on the back said heartily, "Cheer up, Joe!" Then, facetiously, "There's nothing for it, Joe—you'll have to get married yourself!"

Married. At sixty. Mr. Pomfrey's conscious mind rejected the suggestion with horror. But in the dark obscurity of his subconscious mind, it perversely took root and thrived, eventually thrusting out luxuriant foliage under which Mr. Pomfrey at sixty and all unknown to himself, dreamed the touching and

Mr. Pomfrey's conscious mind rejected the suggestion of marriage with horror, but in his unconscious mind the idea took root

Illustrations by Clark Fay

romantic dreams that he had not had time to dream at twenty. And it was in this state of blissful somnolence—a most dangerous state for an unprotected bachelor, since in it anything, even matrimony, may happen to him—that he had come to Seacombe.

And here I am! he thought to himself.

And as he brought his thoughts to this conclusion, the door opened and two ladies came in. One, plain and middle-aged and almost as vast as Mr. Pomfrey himself, subsided with the abandon of a minor landslide into a substantial chair and began earnestly to knit. The other was an attractive creature with a femininely pointed face, small, acquiline features, and hair which in its youth had been a lively auburn and was now, in its late forties and greatly to its own astonishment, an even more exuberant colour. She smiled charmingly at Mr. Pomfrey as she went to join a group of ladies at the far end of the room. Mr. Pomfrey responded, though shyly, and was immediately aware of an undeniable interest. This, however, had he but known it, was as nothing to the interest which the lady immediately felt in Mr. Pomfrey.

THE name of this lady was Mrs. Pilkington-Browne, and she was a widow. Her husband had died some years previously, and since it was evident for some time before he died that he had not only exhausted his capacity for earning money, but actually intended to spend some of what he had earned upon himself, she regarded his removal as providential. She determined to keep his unusual Christian name, however, and the exchange of a husband for a hyphen struck her, in the circumstances, as being entirely satisfactory.

But in spite of this economy, expenses somehow seemed to increase. Beauty culture and a taste for the exclusive in dress are expensive items. Maids too, can be curiously inconsiderate in demanding the wages which, entirely out of goodness of heart, one has promised them. This was where Miss Millicent Thompson, the elephantine lady, had, all unwittingly, come to the rescue. For Milly—she had somehow become merely Milly after the first week—was the sole (though substantial) answer to Mrs. Pilkington-Browne's advertisement:

> "Lady with charming house offers hospitality to another in return for small sum weekly and light help in the house. Every comfort. Maid kept."

The charmingly fictional turn of Mrs. Pilkington-Browne's mind had soon become apparent, for the light help proved to be anything but light. And presently, the small maid having vanished completely Milly, in response to an appealing, "You won't mind, will you?—Just until we find someone *really* suitable?" had rather helplessly added cooking and housework to her repertoire, where they had remained ever since.

This was, of course, Milly's fault. She had no fight in her. Instead she had a fatal and almost cowardly love of peace. And when in the course of years Mrs. Pilkington-Browne's manner changed from the appealing to the peremptory and thence to the frankly insulting, she felt surprisingly little resentment. But she wept, in secret and with disastrously unbecoming results, over the hopelessness

THEY sat on the beach and Mr. Pomfrey discovered Milly was not always solemn—that she could in fact, laugh

and inarticulate misery of the life into which her ineptitude had somehow trapped her, and from which she was miserably aware, she was quite incapable of extricating herself.

Then, stimulated by her ever-mounting bills, the resourceful Mrs. Pilkington-Browne conceived an idea. She let her house, and grimly holding on to the irreplaceable Milly, had taken up residence at the Bellevue Hotel, where it was understood that Mrs. Pilkington-Browne was looking for a flat. So far, the Seacombe agents had failed utterly to meet her needs. And on the whole this was not surprising. For no firm of house agents, however willing, can be expected to produce off-hand a flat which smokes (in moderation), plays bridge (preferably), wears trousers and possesses a good bank balance (absolutely essential). And that was the kind of flat that Mrs. Pilkington-Browne was looking for.

THUS it will be seen that the timely appearance of Mr. Pomfrey, apparently prosperous and unappropriated, was as welcome to Mrs. Pilkington-Browne as water in the desert or any other rare and delightful thing. That she should (quite accidentally of course) run across him sitting solitary and disconsolate in the lounge a few days after his arrival, was a coincidence even more fortunate. Having fluttered the leaves of her magazine a few times, Mrs. Pilkington-Browne yawned delicately, laid the magazine down and smiled at him.

"I'm afraid you find it rather quiet here?" she said in her pretty flute-like voice. "But perhaps you like it quiet. You look," she added impulsively, "so *terribly* tired. Tired and so—lonely!" Mr. Pomfrey, embarrassed but charmed, murmured that he was—both. He found such solicitude enchanting in the extreme. Somebody cared, even if his unnatural sister didn't.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Pilkington-Browne softly. "I expect you miss your family."

"Family?" said Mr. Pomfrey vaguely. Then comprehension dawned. "Oh, I'm not married. Never seemed to have time for it, somehow," said Mr. Pomfrey, and beamed. For some obscure reason he was absurdly glad that it was true. Mrs. Pilkington-Browne laughed, a pretty tinkling sound.

"That's very wrong of you!" she said lightly. She rose and went to the window, presenting to Mr. Pomfrey's approving eyes a delicate and enchanting profile. "It's a lovely evening!" she said softly, peering through the curtains. "I think I shall go for a walk." Mr. Pomfrey anxiously heaved himself to his feet. He felt exhilarated, excited, curiously happy.

"May I—I mean, if you are alone—would it be . . . ?"

They went. Milly went also, for Mrs. Pilkington-Browne had a great regard for appearances, and if this came to nothing (which heaven forbid) she would not have made herself conspicuous.

THIS was the end of Mr. Pomfrey's loneliness. Gently but firmly, with infinite tact and sweetness, his days were filled for him. The only thing he regretted was Milly's continued presence. Not that he disliked Milly. He was sorry for her, because as a woman she was so obviously unattractive. So sorry was he, that when he presented Mrs. Pilkington-Browne with flowers (which he did with flattering frequency) he presented Milly with flowers also. And Milly, who during the last few years had learned to place kindness very high in her list of human virtues, was almost violently grateful. Indeed, if Mr. Pomfrey could have seen the halo with which Milly's gratitude had adorned his shining (*Continued on page* 56)

What Was Christ Like?

BY JOHN NEWELL

IN the world's art galleries, museums and churches there are at least three thousand masterpieces in which Christ is portrayed. In all, the endeavour has been to show the Perfect Man, and almost every artist has had violently different conceptions of His appearance.

It is remarkable that in the careful recordings of the Gospels, in which incidents and remarks are set down with faithfulness and exactitude there is no real clue to Christ's appearance. For nearly two thousand years the subject has fascinated students. The modern conception of Christ is best summed up in the words of the American author, Alan Devoe.

The picture he saw at his Sunday school as a child was of "a pale and posturing person with immoderately long, silky hair who clutched a kind of diaphanous drapery gracefully about him. He had an expression of simpering vapidity."

Devoe insists that in the Gospels there is "enough about the manner of His speech and the habits of His days to give us at least the surety that He was not frail, not pale, not piously smirking, nor actorishly barbered and finical."

This idea of a robust, manly figure is, with a few exceptions, quite a new characteristic of artistry. For at least two centuries the gentleness was stressed.

Christ, as depicted in the Catacombs

IN contrast, in the early years of Christianity there was a general belief that Jesus was far from handsome The basis was the "suffering servant" of Isaiah in which the prophecy mentioned "no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him there is no beauty that we should desire him."

Those early views were undoubtedly bemused by the desire to prove divinity by means of prophetic sayings, and they are hardly borne out by such psychological facts.

It is very obvious that from His earliest years He had great charm combined with a forceful character, and until His ascetic life possibly gave Him an ethereal quality, an excellent constitution. Simple people, young children, were drawn to Him. He was able to work harder than the toiling peoples among whom He was brought up. Such evidence seems to confound any theory of ugliness or poor physique, quite apart from the belief that Christ was the Perfect Man.

Early legends about His appearance are remarkably scarce. It is possible some still remain to be found, particularly in Israel. In view of the fact that many thousands of illiterate people in that country knew Him well, the verbal descriptions they handed down must be fairly reliable; more strange is the lack of sculptures or writings by the Roman occupiers of Jerusalem. Civil authorities, military groups and the Roman diplomatic service must have had lively recollections of a Man who caused serious civil disturbances, to put them at their lowest. If they recorded their impressions they have been lost.

IT is understandable that the early Christians—the converts who were adult in Christ's lifetime and their children and grandchildren—made no tangible record. Christianity went underground. It was a secretive religion, practised in cellars, tombs and the countryside. There is a close parallel to the conditions of these early Christians with the freedom groups in occupied Europe during the war. Huge numbers were active, but disaster was obviated by putting nothing in writing.

In addition, though members of every class in the Roman Empire were converts —by the end of the first century even members of the Imperial family itself—the bulk of the active adherents were lower middle class. The slave-clerk, the freedman, the small shopkeeper, the legionary or non-commissioned officer—these were the mainstay of the new religion. They had little culture, and virtually no artistic talent. In any case the very foundation of their belief was the imminent end of the world, and there was little sense in setting down facts for posterity.

And for the timidly law-abiding there was the well-known and generally feared Roman law that to have in one's possession a representation of an executed felon carried the death penalty. By Roman law Christ was a felon.

ONE of the reputedly earliest pictures of Christ is in the Santa Scala Chapel, Rome. Ascribed to Lucca or Lucas, the artist is variously said to be St. Luke (by report an artist as well as a doctor) or a Greek monk who lived in the first century. Modern opinion is that it was painted some centuries afterwards.

An interesting document—undoubtedly a forgery though it may have a basis of fact, with the perpetrator trying to give data on a verbal legend, is the Letter of Lentulus.

Lentulus was allegedly (and erroneously) described as a delegate of the Roman senate working in Jerusalem at the time of the Crucifixion.

He made a report in which he described Jesus as "a man of tall stature, beautiful, with a venerable countenance. . . . His hair is wavy, almost wine-coloured, and shining as it flows over his shoulders. His brow is smooth and serene, His face without blemish. His mouth and nose are of peerless contour; the beard is coloured like his hair, abundant, not long, but forked. His eyes are (*Continued on page 74*)

For centuries great artists have tried to portray Him faithfully, and no two have ever had the same conception

Below : Van Eyck's conception of Christ as the King of Heaven. **Right:** Christ Blessing the Children, by Rembrandt.

Murillo pictures Christ as "The Good Shepherd." Surprisingly little is known of His appearance from early legends.

Christ's ascetic life possibly gave Him an ethereal quality. This is seen in Timoreo Viti's painting which hangs in the Pinacoteca, Brescia.

The Gay

BY

A. G.

MORRIS

CECIL WINGATE played the violin well, but not quite so well as he thought. He was also reasonably good-looking, with the same qualification.

He came to Sparkhurst Preparatory School for Boys as classical master one September before the war, with high hopes of flattery and romance.

To be honest, he enjoyed moving from school to school at intervals, leaving all ties behind him and looking ahead to

Philanderer

There was nothing Wingate liked better than to play his way into the tender hearts of women.

pleasant new flirtations with any charmers that might be on the staff or in the neighbourhood. He exploited his personality and his talents. He had a small car and a little money of his own . . .

So now he drove up to the school with a flourish, cherishing memories of an enchanting secretary, noticed at his personal interview with the headmaster; and there was a nice little music mistress, too, as second string. The fiddle would be useful. It always was! The other masters didn't matter. Black looks did no harm, and in a term or two he 'd be moving on again . . . delightful life . . . no worries . . . no responsibilities . . .

HE rang the bell, smiling to himself, and the school butler, Hedges, opened the door. Hedges wore a tailcoat and was deferential. He was specially deferential to masters with their own cars . . .

The school was definitely snobbish.

That was why Dr. Sefton Pellicue had jumped at Cecil Wingate, who dressed so well and had a Cambridge degree—of a kind . . .

"Step this way, sir," said Hedges to Wingate.

"What about the luggage?"

"I 'll see to that, sir, and your car shall be garaged. The Head is in his study, sir."

"Splendid!" said Wingate, producing a smile. "I 'd better see Dr. Pellicue at once, and I 'll take my precious fiddle."

"A valuable instrument, I presume, sir?" said Hedges.

"Valuable to me," replied Wingate as he stepped gaily forward, full of health and charm.

Dr. Pellicue was writing at a desk in a room richly lined with sober books. A signed picture of Royalty (foreign) was set out in full view. There was a feeling of power in the air—silver and cigars and security. The carpet was thick and soft. The curtains were of sombre brocade, expensively unobtrusive. Wingate was not sure at first whether his violin struck the right note. A bag of golf-clubs or a fishing-rod might have been better? . . .

But all was well.

"A musician, I see," said the Headmaster, rising. "We shall look forward to some rare treats."

"I just play a little to amuse myself, sir," said Wingate modestly. "I didn't think it worth while mentioning at our previous interview."

"It is a delightful surprise," said Dr. Pellicue. "You will enjoy playing with Miss Griffin, and Miss Linnet, my secretary and hostess, is extremely musical."

"Flying start!" thought Wingate, saying nothing.

He was in a luxurious chair now, smoking a Turkish cigarette.

"We encourage the arts here," pursued the Head. "We believe in self-expression, self-determination . . ."

"Within reasonable limits, I imagine?" said Wingate.

"Ah! Yes, within limits, within definite limits," said the Head. "I think we shall see eye to eye, Wingate. Now and then little oddities, little eccentricities, have, as it were, to be ironed out."

"I quite agree, sir," said Wingate. "There must be some conformity to a norm—albeit a flexible conformity."

"A notable phrase!" said the Head, reaching for a gold pencil. "Flexible conformity. A genuine slogan, Wingate. We shall get on."

"I hope so, sir," said Wingate. "Indeed, it would be difficult not to co-operate with you. And now, if you 'll forgive me, sir, might I see my room?"

"Of course—of course. I am forgetting my manners . . ."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THORNTON JONES

Now his arm was round her. He kissed her. Then Miss Linnet was at the door, silent as a ghost. Wingate could not imagine why he had kissed Miss Griffin.

AND so the term began propitiously for Cecil Wingate.

He had a comfortable room. He had reasonable leisure and his private means gave him a sense of independence. Other masters—specially young married masters—had to toe the line, but Wingate regarded himself as a gifted amateur. It was all such fun! Teaching a little Latin and Greek, with some elementary maths. thrown in! Playing games with the boys: running about with a whistle and shouting "Off-side!" or "Corner!"

But there were other games he liked better—far better.

"If music be the food of love, play on!" Wingate played on . . .

(*Continued on page 70*)

Spring Unlocks

COME Spring, for now from all the
Dripping eaves
The spear of ice has wept itself away
And hour by hour unfolding woodbine leaves
O'er his uncertain shadow drops the day
She comes. The loosened rivulets run
The frost beads melt upon her golden hair
Her mantle slowly greening in the sun
Now wraps her close, now arching leaves her bare
To breaths of balmier air.

THE groundflame of the crocus
breaks the mould
Fair Spring slides hither o'er the
Southern sea
Waves on her thin stem the snow-
drop cold
That trembles not to kisses of the
bee.

The Flowers

"FOR now the Heavenly Power
Makes all things new
And thaws the cold and fills
The Flowers with dew,
The blackbirds have their wills
The poets, too."

THE three Crossley carpetings show bouquet and rosebud designs reflecting the return to popularity of flower motifs. The green carpet is a contemporary design to harmonize with modern fabrics.

Of the fabrics the red and white star and stripe and the plain yellow are both glazed chintz by Rosebank, the stripe 48 in. at about 11s. 9d. a yard, the yellow 48 in. about 10s. The tweedlike weave draped on the stool is a Rosebank, 48 in. at about 15s. 11d. a yard, the plain green a "Moygashel" furnishing linen Malin, 48 in., 16s. 11d. a yard. The contemporary print on the right is a David Whitehead rayon, 48 in. and about 10s. a yard.

Choosing And Using Fabrics

1. The success of a furnishing scheme depends largely on clever handling of carpets and fabrics. Soft furnishings can transform undistinguished furniture into a strikingly attractive décor, while the wrong ones can completely eclipse much more costly pieces.

2. The handling of pattern is as important to a decorative scheme as the blending of colours. The design of the furnishing fabrics should be in the same idiom as the design of the carpet, and both should be in keeping with the style of the room and type of furniture.

3. Consider the possibilities of fabrics in changing the character of furniture. Modern fabrics can modernize old-fashioned pieces. For instance, a Victorian couch, such as that illustrated below, with woodwork painted white and covered with striped material will not be out of place in a modern decorative scheme. A heavy, old-fashioned armchair, given a tailored cover of crisp furnishing tweed will not quarrel with a bent wood modern chair.

4. When choosing upholstery fabrics, bear in mind the character of the furniture to be covered. A large chair, for instance, can be covered with fabric with a large design, whereas a small chair would show only a portion of a large design and the total effect would be nullified. Place the design of the fabric well, so that it is centred on back and seat, allowing extra material for wastage in cutting. Don't overlook the principle of blending patterned fabric with plain fabrics of harmonizing colours, as in the chair illustrated on the facing page.

5. When choosing fabrics and carpets, bear in mind the characteristics of the room in which they are to live. Generally speaking, a large room can take bolder colours, larger designs, which in a small room would be overwhelming.

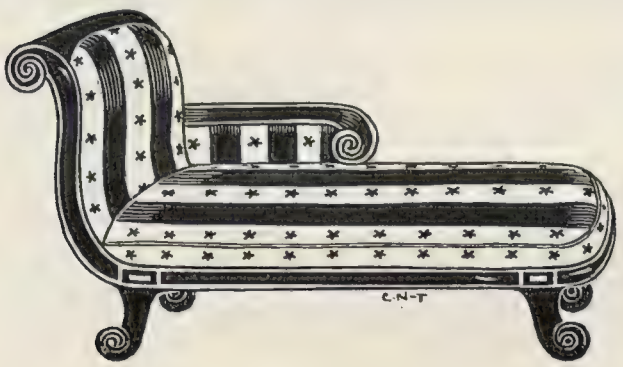
6. Fitted carpets give a sense of spaciousness to a small room and luxury to any sized room. A carpet square, with surround, tends to reduce still further the floor area. For small rooms, a plain carpet or one with a small, neat, all-over pattern, is better than one with large patterns, which look so well in large rooms.

7. Treatment of curtains depends on size of room, shape of window and type of decorative scheme. If you plan to make the curtains yourself, stick to something simple unless you are expert.

8. The effect of curtains depends largely on having the correct fixtures. There is no need to make do or improvise, because the Rufflette range of curtain fixtures and fittings covers most types of windows and most types of window curtain treatments.

9. Don't overlook the decorative potentialities of trimmings, fringes, cords and pipings. Cleverly used, these finishing touches are salt to the meat of good furnishing. They can be used to give variety and pattern to plain fabric, to pick out interesting detail, to outline a pelmet or drape, to accent the shape of chair or bedhead, as in the illustration below right. They give richness to fabrics out of all proportion to their cost.

Two new furnishing fabrics by Rosebank. At the top is a chintz in muted pastels on a pale green ground. Below a linenized cotton with stylized leaf design in vivid colours on a white-spotted grey ground. Both fabrics are 50 in. wide at 22s. 9d.



The Coronation Story

Part 1 In Days Gone By

STORY BY
JOHN HERBERT

THROUGH the long Coronation story of England's Kings and Queens runs a rich continuous pattern of splendour, pomp and pageantry. But as varied as the monarchs themselves have been the elements of drama, romance (and occasionally scandal) that have attended their Coronations.

Most have accepted the great Coronation ritual with a becoming sense of dedication, but some have played down its religious aspect to make it just a magnificent affair of display and ostentation. Some have sat in the Coronation chair as well-beloved monarchs and some as rulers with little popular support. Some have been crowned under the shadow of exile or execution. One King has publicly excluded his Consort from sharing in his Coronation; and another has almost precipitated a brawl with the Archbishop of Canterbury in the very midst of his Consort's crowning.

This last was Henry I. The Archbishop was the old and infirm Ralph of Escures, whom Henry had grudgingly allowed in 1121 to marry himself and his second wife, the lovely young Adela. But at Adela's Coronation the next

QUEEN VICTORIA is crowned by the Archbishop. Although the ceremony was shortened by her uncle, William IV, it lasted five hours

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT HODGSON

day Henry, in pity perhaps for the aged prelate's shaky hands, himself placed his Crown of State upon his own head.

Affronted by this breaking of the time-honoured ritual, the old Archbishop refused to continue with the ceremony until Henry's Crown was removed. With the young Queen, the peers and their ladies, the courtiers and the high state dignitaries looking on, it was a tense moment. Some feared an outburst from the proud Norman monarch; but meekly he bowed to the Archbishop's anger and allowed him to take off and replace the Crown himself. The crisis passed, the service went on and Queen Adela was crowned with fitting solemnity.

Seven centuries later, in 1821, another King's Consort was involved in perhaps the most shameful episode in Coronation history. George IV went to his crowning at Westminster leaving his wife, Queen Caroline, to bid vainly for admittance at the Abbey doors.

It was the climax of a long and unhappy relationship in which George, profligate and intemperate himself, had become increasingly estranged from the indiscreet and extravagant Caroline. He had tried unsuccessfully to

divorce her; and finally, in bitter resentment, he had decided that his unwanted Consort should at least never be crowned with him.

BUT Caroline was determined to share George's Coronation—even though her name had no place in the Coronation service. And on Coronation Day she drove down to the Abbey in her state coach, accompanied by Lord Hood, the Queen's Champion. Hood demanded admission for her and was refused; and then she herself claimed the right to enter. But, adamant, the door-keeper declined to let her pass and the discomfited Queen had no choice but to return to her coach and drive away, her public shame being only slightly redeemed by the cheers of a few sympathizers among the crowd.

Never, surely (whatever the rights and wrongs of the case), was the Consort of a King put to a greater indignity. A month later Caroline died, her end perhaps hastened by this bitter humiliation.

George IV's Coronation, staged at a cost of over a quarter of a million pounds, was one of the most lavish on record; that of his successor, William IV, was by contrast austere. And from it, in the interests of economy, were deleted two picturesque old accompaniments to it, the great Coronation banquet in Westminster Hall and the challenge of the King's Champion.

This latter privilege had been exercised by members of the Dymoke family ever since the reign of Richard II. In over a score of Coronations a Dymoke had ridden fully armoured among the glittering company of banqueters in Westminster Hall and thrown down his gauntlet to challenge any person denying the King to be "right Heir to the Imperial Crown of this United Kingdom."

IN older times the whole colourful pageantry of the Coronation had had a truly spiritual meaning; but with George III (as with his son) the ceremony became a magnificent show almost without religious significance. We read, for instance, that during the sermon at George III's crowning, the congregation "took that opportunity to eat their meal, when the general clattering of knives, forks, plates and glasses that ensued produced a most ridiculous effect, and a universal burst of laughter followed."

More sinister-sounding than the levity of that fashionable Georgian throng was the disturbance that nearly stopped the crowning of William the Conqueror nearly seven hundred years before.

On Christmas Day, 1066, William sat in the Coronation

QUEEN CAROLINE was determined to share her husband George IV's Coronation, so on the day she drove down to the Abbey and demanded the right to enter

chair at Westminster (in St. Edward's Church, which previously stood on the Abbey site), a victor whose hold on the country was unsure. Saxons as well as his own Normans filled the great church, and Norman horsemen stood outside in case of trouble.

The service was proceeding and then, in answer to the Archbishop's question to the assembly: "Will ye have this man to be your King?" a confused uproar arose that brought the Norman guard, afraid of a Saxon rising, charging into the church. Without waiting to discover whether William was really in danger, they scattered and drove out the congregation and set fire to the nearby buildings, leaving the King alone with his bishops in the smoke-filled church—surely the only monarch to be crowned without his subjects present.

BUT in this Coronation year, 1953, it is the crowning of England's Queens that strikes a special chord. Up to now five Queens have reigned in England: Mary and Elizabeth Tudor, Mary and Anne Stuart and Victoria. And since the Coronation of that first Queen Regnant, Mary Tudor, just four centuries have passed.

Mary, daughter of Good King Hal by his Catholic wife Catherine, was crowned in October, 1553. Hers was not the happiest of Coronations for, as a Catholic herself, she was not altogether acceptable in those days of religious dispute and transition. And ignoring the risk of demonstrations from disapproving subjects she boldly made the traditional sovereign's progress from the Tower to Westminster to be duly crowned—though not by the Archbishops of Canterbury or York (for these, as Protestants, she had committed to the Tower), but by the Bishop of Winchester.

Witnessing Mary's crowning that day was the young Elizabeth, Henry VIII's daughter by Anne Boleyn. She complained to the French Ambassador that her coronet was heavy on her head. "Have patience," he answered, "and before long you will exchange it for a crown."

Within six years that far-seeing envoy's prophecy was fulfilled; for in January, 1559, Elizabeth was crowned Queen—to wear a happier Crown than her mother Anne, who a short three years after her splendid Coronation as Henry's Consort went to the block to be beheaded.

Over a century later, in 1689, fresh Coronation history was made when twenty-seven year old Mary Stuart was crowned beside her husband, William III, not as a Consort but as a Queen in her own right. For this unprecedented double ceremony a second Coronation chair—never to be used again—was placed alongside (*Continued on page* 62)

Book Reviews

by

Trevor Allen

"The Early Victorian Woman," by Janet Dunbar which is illustrated by many excellent period prints, make a fascinating study of etiquette

INEVITABLY, I suppose, a ship's doctor must expect to be ragged by his shipmates. When Dr. Richard Gordon boarded the Lotus, Brazil-bound from Liverpool, the Mate, Second and Third Officers gave him a rousing welcome. "By George, we find some queer doctors at sea," the Third reminisced. "Usually they're getting away from their wives or the police, or both sometimes. Or else it's drink. That's the commonest. Sometimes it's drugs, though." He then proceeded to recall a doc. who had to operate on the Mate's ripped arm in the Red Sea. "Laugh! The lot of us went down to the hospital to watch. I was doubled up. He'd been at the bottle extra strong and he was as blind as a bat. Kept dropping the knife on the deck and falling over the table. In the end the Mate clocked him one and got the Chief Steward to do it." Those who enjoyed *Doctor In The House* will also find **"Doctor At Sea"** (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.) one long chuckle. Skipper, crew, passengers all contribute to the stethoscopic fun.

THE fun is more sophisticated in Stanley Wade Baron's **"People And Americans"** (Hart-Davis, 12s. 6d.), a Yank's chronicle of Not-So-Innocents Abroad. He starts off with his own reactions to the East End home of a returned G.I. bride he meets coming over, then joins two U.S. boys and their girls, who adopt him as a sort of spare part on a jaunt through Paris, the Riviera and Venice. In Paris Jim asks: "Where are all these French singers and everything?"

"They're all in New York making a living," says Alan.

"That's the truth," Jim agrees. "I suppose we could go and hear some Americans." The virtue of this book is that we do hear some Americans, in the buff and the raw, at their cosmopolitan whoopee. Other sketches, notably one about "Bad Boy," have their serious side, but most, I imagine, would make Mark Twain blush. They are brilliantly written.

SIX autobiographical sketches comprise James Hanley's **"Don Quixote Drowned"** (Macdonald, 12s. 6d.); four of the sea, two of Welsh village life. The first is about a bullying, miserly chief steward scraping to save for his retirement with an aged mother he idolizes. All have the vital Hanley touch which never compromises with truth as he sees it. *Anatomy Of Llangyllwch* is a master-study of Welsh people.

Sir Compton Mackenzie's "The Queen's House" provides a domestic record of seven reigns. Combined with interesting photographs this makes a delightful and informative insight into Royal life

The humour of Helene MacLean's "There's No Place Like Paris" is greatly enhanced by Susanne Suba's delicate line drawings

THOSE who imagine that the woman of 1837–57 was all coy ringlets and crinoline and little else will be interested to learn from Janet Dunbar's **"The Early Victorian Woman"** (Harrap, 15s.) that it was a period when her frustrations and discontents came to a head below the surface and broke through, wives began to question authority, both in home and state, and spinsters decided it was time they were allowed to use whatever intellect they were blessed with and to be given an education and the chance to enter the professions. Miss Dunbar surveys the whole scene, from marriage, home, family and housekeeping budget to fashion, amusements, holidays and outstanding women philanthropists like Mrs. Chisholm, Mary Carpenter, Angela Burdett-Coutts. A fascinating study of manners, with exquisite period prints.

VICTORIA and her Prince—with a cutback to early history—head the Buckingham Palace cavalcade in Sir Compton Mackenzie's **"The Queen's House"** (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.), a domestic record of seven reigns. Today more than two hundred women are needed to run the palace, (*Continued on page 76*)

HOLIDAYS AHEAD!

HAVING crossed the Tyrol last year for an Italy tour I feel I cannot wait to explore at leisure that delectable country, especially after reading Monk Gibbon's **"Austria"** (Batsford, 18s.). "The Austrian," he says, "is naturally friendly, gay, hospitable, trustful, while as for the Tyrolese: "Following the stern road of duty, they have nevertheless managed to add the virtues of gaiety, reverence and graciousness, and we feel instinctively that these people are artists in that most difficult of all arts, the art of living." Mr. Gibbon has the art of warm, helpful companionship as guide to history and scenic beauties; the photographs are of Batsford quality.

NO doubt Helene MacLean has been asked more than once: "Tell me things I should know about Paris, in a general way," and that is why she has written **"There's No Place Like Paris"** (Putnam, 8s. 6d.). It is no detailed guide, but a wise inside commentary on the knowhow of getting about, eating, and understanding what you see. Susanne Suba's drawings have sensitive line and atmosphere.

The Painted smile

By MONICA EWER

"COO-ER, he's a caution!"

"Have him in again, Bert. Go on. Clap."

Toni could hear the applause from the wings, where he leaned against a flat, panting through the painted grin on his stage clown face.

"What a way to earn your chow!"

"He's coming back."

Toni always kept back a few tricks for this kind of encore. Now the music-hall audience lashed itself into a hysteria of laughter, yelling and clapping and stamping its feet, till the hot dusty air vibrated with the sound.

"It's his waddle."

"Like a ruddy duck."

Toni the Clown limped round the stage exaggerating the waddle that had kept people laughing ever since he was a baby. The doctors had given it a long Latin name, signifying some hereditary malformation of the hip, but everyone else had thought it funny and Toni himself had turned it to such good account that for eighteen years he had been a star comic at a star's salary. His father had "waddled" before him, but his father had lived and died plain Henry Brehon, agricultural labourer.

TONI and Mildred had been frightened before Pamela was born. They had wondered whether it was wrong for them to have a child. But Pamela had been a lovely baby, with perfect little limbs.

"Heredity malformation." Pamela's limbs were straight but sometimes he wondered if something hadn't crippled her mind.

It didn't do to think about Pamela now—not yet. He waddled down to the footlights to pick up his music cue.

"He's a scream!" said the girl who had fought her way into the front row of the gallery.

In the stalls they said the same thing in a different way.

"The absurdity, the pathos. He's one of the great clowns. One with Grimaldi, Dan Leno, Grock, Chaplin. How Watteau would have loved to paint him."

Toni finished his encore. The curtains swung together as he moved off and the stage was invaded by a team of athletic young foreigners in pink tights.

"How'd you do it, guv?" asked one of the youngest of the stage hands. "You had 'em in fits."

"I'll tell you, son," said Toni gravely.

HER small white face had frozen at the discovery that her father was a red-nosed comedian. Nurse had hurried her from the hall

"It's a sorry story. Seems we all like to laugh at the misfortunes of others."

As he limped down the stone corridor, the manager, cigar in hand, came out of one of the dressing-rooms, saw him, and held him by a fold of his blouse.

"Know what I say, Toni?"

"No." Toni waited politely for the pronouncement. "What?"

"Either you're funny or you ain't. No explaining it. No doing anything about it. Years in the business. I seen it. Some has it. Some hasn't." He paused a second and added impressively. "You're funny."

"I'm glad of that."

IN his dressing-room Jackson was waiting to pour him a drink. He dropped exhausted into a chair and shook his head.

"No. Not tonight."

If Pamela should speak to him tonight, he didn't want to smell of whisky.

"Not changing, guv?"

"No time."

"Don't like you going out like that."

"Don't like it much myself, Jackson, but we gotta be on time."

"Your street clothes is in the suitcase."

The call boy knocked and handed in his music. "You had 'em laughing fit to bust tonight, guv."

Illustrations by D. L. MAYS

The boy went away at a run. Toni got unwillingly to his feet.

"Better put on an overcoat." Jackson held it out, gave it a professional twitch and hovered in affectionate anxiety.

"Thanks, Jackson. Ready?"

"The car's below, guv. We'll make it in half an hour. Wish you'd had a sandwich or something. You'll be fair whacked."

Toni smiled at his dresser. They had worked together for fifteen years. "Fellow doesn't need a mother who's got you around. Let's get cracking."

At the stage door Toni said good night to the doorkeeper.

"Stack of mail for you, guv."

"It'll keep."

Someone coming in, stopped in surprise. "Holy smoke, Toni, where you going all dressed up?"

"Hospital concert. No time to change. 'Night all."

The chauffeur grinned when he saw him. An affectionate grin. He threw a rug over his knees.

"Don't stop on the way to pick any daisies, Crawley," he said.

"We'll go faster than light, guv."

Jackson got up and rode in front.

TONI was nervous. In the car he sat with his hands clasped together, the palms wet. Pamela had asked him to come, Pamela who never asked him for anything. Miss Pamela Brehon who was so ashamed of being the daughter of Toni the Clown.

He knew that they had only put her on the Entertainments Committee so that she could get him there, but that was something she would never guess. She had gone straight from her expensive finishing school to train as a nurse. He had not been consulted. She had merely written him one of her icy little notes telling him what she had decided.

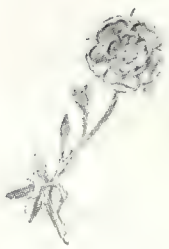
He didn't blame her. It would be a handicap to a girl to have him for a father. He didn't blame her at all. She was just very young. She had learnt a lot of things from books and nothing at all from life. She was only nineteen.

A nurse. What kind of a nurse could she make, poor child, stepping out of her sheltered life into a world of suffering? He wondered if she had chosen that profession in order to find herself a home quickly, so that there could be no question of their living (*Continued on page* 64)

PAMELA was standing slim and golden against the wall with her young man. They were holding hands

As he waddled forwards, the applause was deafening. The audience was released from its boredom and settled down to enjoyment. He gave them everything. He fell to gales of laughter. He waddled to shouts of delight. He was the world's fool for their pleasure

To Crown The



Inspired by the half circular cap so familiar in Elizabethan portraits and the neck ruff of the period, Aage Thaarup has combined the two in an enchanting headpiece made entirely of black net. Where, perhaps, the Tudor cap would have had a flowing veil, Mr. Thaarup adds the finishing touch of ermine tails

Occasion

MEN seldom understand how it is that women can find expression for their feelings in a new hat, but there is one that does.

Aage Thaarup, the Queen's milliner, is a remarkable person inasmuch as he appreciates and provides for women's more frivolous tastes, yet remains essentially practical both as a man and a milliner.

If you were to walk into his Mayfair salon—it is a fashionable address but, like himself, the premises are totally free of affectation and have a pleasantly informal air—you would almost certainly find Mr. Thaarup himself busy among his hats, perhaps serving a customer, with as little fuss or affectation as though he were one of his own assistants. Equally unexpected would be the hats.

One might suppose that a milliner as far famed as Thaarup must exist in a world of headpieces that only the most hat conscious would aspire to. He does. The Thaarup imagination is equal to the loftiest flights of millinery fancy. It is also equal to the knowledge that there are times when a woman wants a piece of nonsense with which to crown a mood or an occasion and other times when she just wants a *hat*.

SO, in the Thaarup salon you will find surprisingly simple headpieces, cheek by jowl with fly-away creations as silly and as pretty as the heart of woman could desire.

Incidentally, much of Mr. Thaarup's strength lies in the knowledge that a great number of women who gaze enraptured upon his more fanciful creations are subject to severe stage fright when called upon to wear them and who, having sighed appropriately over the absurd and lovely offsprings of his fancy, turn firmly and quite contentedly to "something simple and becoming with a brim."

All the same, when I went to see Mr. Thaarup the other day he had obviously, and with an infallible instinct, tuned in to the mood which is urging many of us (stage fright characters included) to express the accelerating mood of festivity *somehow*. Preferably with a hat.

AS I handled the reminiscently Tudor bonnet of black net and ermine tails in our colour picture and the white broderie anglaise piece (below) which hovers absurdly but exquisitely between something designed for Mary Queen of Scots and parlourmaids of blessed memory I said :

"Do you plan to launch the Elizabethan headdress as a feature of Coronation fashion?"

Mr. Thaarup looked at me with an expression as if to say that launching anything was far beyond his strength. "Not particularly," he said.

"Then why did you do it?"

"I was designing a hat and the idea just exploded !"

So, you see, there is no deliberate conspiracy to make Tudor wenches of us all this summer, but the clever little Dane who is said to have more and closer contact with his Royal customers than anyone outside Buckingham Palace, is aware that the atmosphere this summer promises to be pretty heady in one way and another and concludes that the headier it is the prettier !

Inspired by the Elizabethan ruff, a Tudor bonnet—or was it a parlourmaid's cap ? Aage Thaarup brought this enchanting headpiece to life in white broderie anglaise, delectable and crisp, for the festive occasions of this summer

Queen Victoria was seen in something like it, or perhaps it was a Victorian nightcap that gave the idea for this creation of fine black lace and velvet ribbons fashioned as a bonnet

For the dressier occasions of summer a navy and white check cotton organza (below) with a cross-over fichu neck and a wide skirt

A fan effect achieved with narrowed blue and white stripes meeting in the centre of the bodice and radiating outwards from waist to hem

This exquisitely fine cotton summer evening gown is black patterned with lime green in tones as subtle as were ever achieved on silk. Petticoats stiffen the wide-spreading skirt

Sumptuous Cotton

THERE is no other word for it, sumptuous alone conveys the softness of texture, the extremity of fineness and the lovely colouring which combine in the new dress cottons.

It is hard to guess by looking at these pictured dresses that the fabric is, in fact, just cotton. It is no less difficult when seeing and handling it to associate a fabric so delicate with a name so practical.

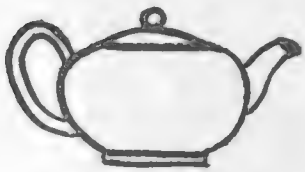
Nevertheless, the virtues of cotton have united with the look of silk and the marriage is very happy.

Black and white check. Yards and yards of gossamer cotton for the drifting skirt which springs from a narrow waist. A long stole draping bare shoulders is lined with scarlet and fringed with black Cellophane. This and the dresses facing are designed by Roecliff and Chapman in Roosen cotton

A nice cup of Tea

By Laurel Pascal

Delicate porcelain *à la Chinois*. Freely copied by the early English makers



Georgian teapots both in china and silver have set a high standard for all time

Pussy-cat teapot, now a collector's piece, typical of Victorian sentimentality

A contemporary design by Keith Murray, F.R.I.B.A., F.S.I.A., for Wedgwood

TEA is our national drink and its de-rationing was cause enough for general rejoicing. But it was not only tea that was de-rationed. By a surprising stroke of imagination some Whitehall official saw fit, at almost exactly the same time, to release for the home market, the decorated porcelain and china tea services of which the nation's women had been deprived for so long. Once again the attractions of the tea-table—the essential ritual of tea-drinking—were restored to us as part of our birthright. As indeed they should be.

While we linger over the combined delights of good tea in a fine cup, like the ladies of Jane Austen's polite little world, we can first give thanks to that fortuitous breeze which, according to Chinese legend, wafted the leaves of the *Cha* bush, into the merrily boiling pot of the Emperor Shen-Nung; secondly, to the smugglers who so successfully defeated the excessive duties imposed on tea in the seventeenth century.

Whatever the truth of the old legend, the world's first cup of tea was undoubtedly drunk in China, and the habit was well established by A.D. 400. China tea—curiously enough not "Chinese" tea—is still the favourite brew of the connoisseur who delights in such exotic blends as Lapsang Souchong, Keemun or the ceremonial Jasmine, the "Honoured Guest" tea of the East.

Although today we British drink more than two hundred million cups a day, mostly Indian, now at under a penny a cup, those first supplies to reach us from China cost, duty paid, as much as £10 a pound, and not surprisingly provided a luxury for the wealthy alone. It was the exclusiveness of the tea-drinking habit which resulted in an early demand for delicate porcelain *à la Chinois*, laying the foundations of the British ceramic industry, and resulting in the rise to fame of such potteries as Chelsea, Bow, Derby and Worcester.

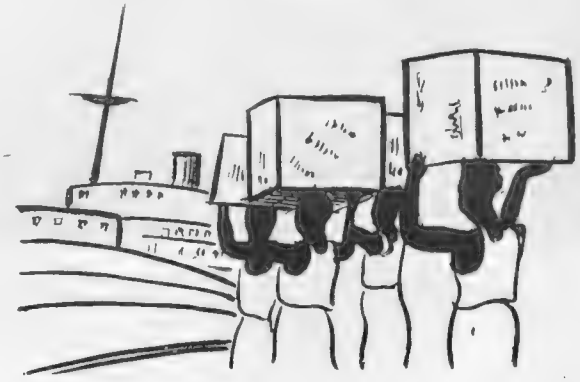
But tea was too potent a drink to remain the solace of the rich only. A well-organized black market in which many merchants themselves took part, soon made nonsense of the efforts of the Excise men, and forced the Government to repeal the severe laws controlling the import of tea.

The young bloods of the eighteenth century, in an effort to retain their exclusive position, and at the same time add the spice of scandal to the intimate pleasures of tea drinking, employed beautiful young women as "tea-makers" or "tea-blenders." Probably the most famous of these charmers was Emma Hamilton, whose career from teapot to immortality at the local Odeon requires no comment!

Although tea was advertised by the importers as a cure for every ill from the "vapours" to palsy, there were many solemn gentlemen who held the view that its use would demoralize the British working man. Lord President Forbes proposed a law confining tea drinking to the upper classes, while John Wesley roundly denounced the habit on moral and religious grounds. When he died, however, his half gallon teapot (which still exists) bore late, if striking testimony to another victory for tea.

FORTUNATELY there were plenty of addicts to repel the attacks of the anti-tea reformers. Doctor Johnson, who would drink up to twenty cups at a sitting, declared himself "a hardened and shameless tea drinker, who for many years diluted his meals only with the infusion of this fascinating plant; whose kettle has scarcely time to cool; who with tea amuses the evening, with tea solaces the midnight—and with tea welcomes the morning."

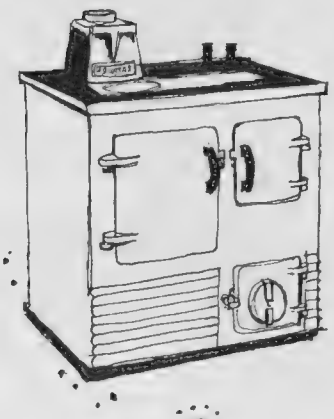
The Duke of Wellington is reputed to have fought his campaigns on vast quantities of tea, while later it was Gladstone's boast that he consumed more tea between the hours of midnight and 4 a.m. than any other man in the House. His highly original custom was to take to bed with him a huge hot-water bottle which served the dual rôle of warming his feet and replenishing his teapot. Whatever his skill as a statesman, Gladstone surely (*Continued on page* 68)



Heat without Hearth

By Constance Walsh

The Rayburn cooker is self-contained and easily installed. It burns any fuel and cooks and heats water for a family up to six.



The New Agamatic domestic water heater, with automatic thermostatic control, will heat a 40-gallon storage cylinder plus radiators.

As you sadly tot up the past winter's fuel bills, are you wondering how your home managed to remain so resolutely cold and cheerless at such vast expense? Do you look back with a shiver on draughty rooms and tepid bath-water?

There is no need to put up with such discomforts nowadays. Modern grates and boilers are designed scientifically to give the maximum heat for the fuel they burn. For one thing, in them the air draught to the burning coals is rigorously controlled. The less air there is, the more slowly the fire burns. As the supply is increased, the fire leaps to life, burns more fuel and gives more heat. By accurate air control, the most advantageous rate of burning can always be maintained.

Secondly, for economy's sake, the fire is kept alight continuously. A room which is heated for only a few hours a day becomes stone-cold overnight. To warm it again, an extravagantly large fire—which may take hours to do its work—has to be lighted. But when a small fire burns slowly throughout the night, a background of heat remains in the room and only a little extra heat is required to bring it to comfort level.

Typical of the many excellent continuous-burning open fire grates is the Haddon, which will work on all types of coal and coke and keep alight for at least ten hours without attention. The 16-in. size, designed to heat a room of 1,500 cu. ft., burns up to 1½ cwts. of fuel a week in wintry weather and between ½ and 1 cwt. at other times. Price about £3 5s. It is made in other sizes for larger and smaller rooms.

Some makes of continuous fires can be fitted with back boilers, but when a fire is running a boiler it cannot heat quite such a large room. A 16-in. grate without a boiler, for instance, will warm a room of 1,500 cu. ft. With a boiler, it can cope with only about 1,200 cu. ft.

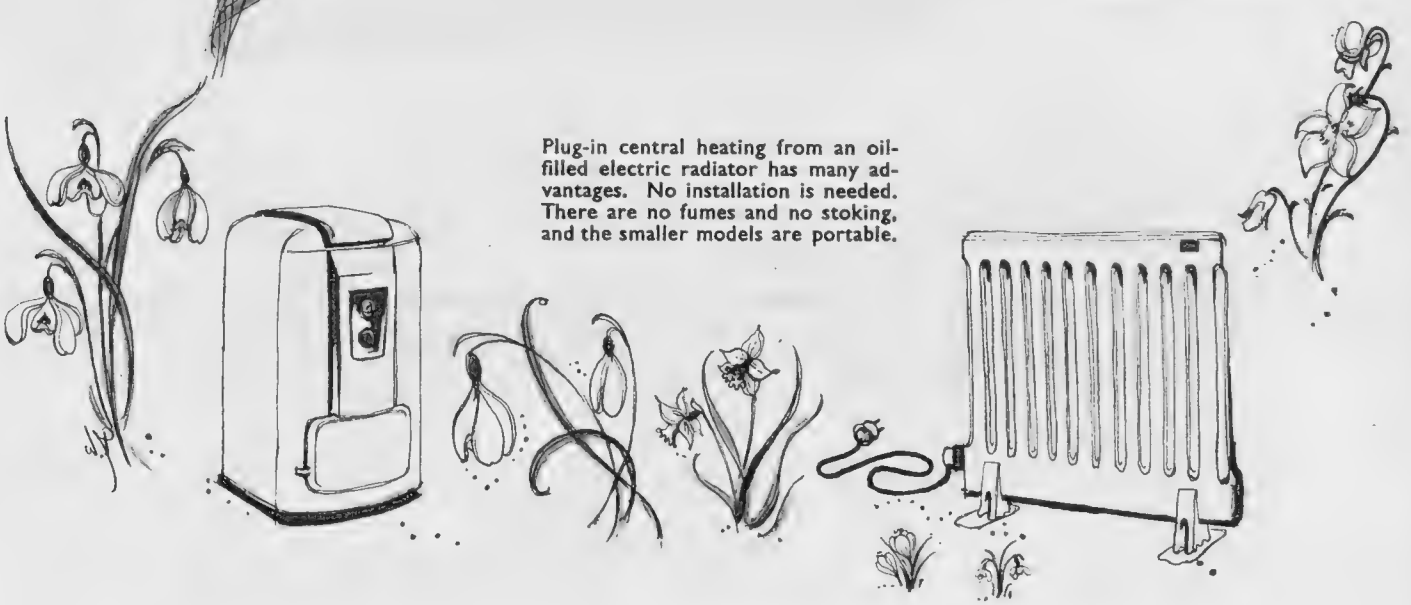
Back boilers will supply all the hot water for the kitchen and bathroom needs of an average family—provided the storage cylinder and hot pipes are well-lagged. If the household hot water comes from another source, the boiler will heat radiators in other rooms.

A Brook continuous-burning grate is designed to heat a room of 1,500 cu. ft., as well as a well-lagged 20 to 30 gallon indirect-type hot-water cylinder, or radiators with a total heating surface of 80 sq. ft. Unlagged pipes connecting radiators and boiler must be included in this 80 sq. ft. The amount of fuel the Brook burns depends on the quantity of water used or on how cold the weather is, but in average conditions it should do its work on 1½ to 2 cwts. weekly. Complete with boiler, it is £7 17s. 6d., without installation costs.

IMPROVING even on continuous-burning grates are the continuous-burning convectors, which thriftily make use of air heated in and around the fire. In old-fashioned grates this valuable source of warmth is sucked into the chimney and lost. These convectors draw air into the space left between the metal back and sides of the grate and the brickwork of the fireplace opening. When heated, the air is carried back into the room through vents near the top of the decorative fireplace surround or—if special ducts have been built into the walls—into an overhead or adjoining room, where it will raise the temperature by up to 10 degs. F.

Of the many excellent continuous-burning convectors on the market, the Camelon and Marathon types are specially noteworthy (*Continued on page* 68)

Plug-in central heating from an oil-filled electric radiator has many advantages. No installation is needed. There are no fumes and no stoking, and the smaller models are portable.



Beauty by Chrysis

If you have any beauty problems on which you would like advice, please write, enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope, to Chrysis, BRITANNIA AND EVE, *Ingram House, 195, Strand, W.C.2*

GENERAL HEALTH

AS skins reflect the general health condition, all measures which promote good health will benefit the complexion. Stimulate the circulation by adequate exercise in the fresh air. Avoid over-fatigue. Over-tiredness puts a strain on the whole system which will show up in the complexion.

A body is as healthy as the food it takes in, so be vigilant over diet. Avoid excesses of any one particular type of food, particularly fried ones. Strike the best-balanced diet possible with rationing, and have plenty of fresh fruit, vegetables and green salads. Plenty of water, drunk between meals, helps to eliminate poisons. Milk and milk products like cheese in some severe cases aggravate acne and spotty skin conditions, and should be cut down wherever possible without depleting the diet. Vitamin B, in the form of wholemeal bread, Bemax, Marmite and vitamin B tablets are helpful.

Without Blemish

THERE is no simple way of banishing spots. If there were, someone would have made a fortune long ago and a perfect complexion would be every woman's right. A spot is the result of many complicated factors, which is exactly why spots are so difficult to treat, and even more difficult to prevent.

The skin is not, as many people think, a protective covering all over the body, rather like a coat of enamel on a wooden tray. It is an organ in its own right, in the same relation to the body as the tonsils or the liver. It is just as liable as they are to infection, the only difference being that whereas when the tonsils become infected the result is tonsillitis, or a liver upset produces a bilious attack, when the skin succumbs to infection the result is spots or some other kind of skin eruption.

The campaign to prevent spots and to deal summarily with them when they appear must, therefore, be a two-sided battle waged from within and without. The general health must be built up so that the body can put up a resistance to infection. The skin itself must be encouraged to function efficiently so that it will be less susceptible to disorders. And, finally, steps must be taken to minimise the risk of infection.

THE last is the easiest, because it comes down to a matter of antiseptics and utter cleanliness. White-headed pimples are commonly of a staphylococcal origin. An antiseptic which destroys this particular bacteria and yet is quite harmless to the skin can be called in as a beauty aid. Used twice a day in weak solution as a face lotion after cleansing, it will help prevent the spots spreading. It can be added to the water in which the hands are washed, or to sterilise face-flannels and powder-puffs, all of which minimise the risk of re-infection.

Scrupulous cleanliness of the skin will not only hasten the disappearance of the current crop of spots, but by encouraging the skin to return to normal efficiency, will help prevent a recurrence. Washing with soap and water, though important, is not enough. A pore-penetrating cleanser is necessary to float out the impurities and secretions which accumulate in the pores.

Open-pored, oily skins are more prone to spots than fine-grained complexions, and should be treated if the tendency to spots is to be minimised. A special grease dissolvent solution will counteract the oiliness and, by dissolving the grease plugs in the pores, help to refine and normalise the skin.

BUILDING up the general health is an indirect way of ensuring a blemish-free complexion. A right balance must be struck between healthy exercise and over-fatigue. Excess of any kind is bad for the health and therefore bad for the complexion. This goes for diet, too. Adequate fresh air and exercise, adequate rest, and a balanced diet rich in vitamins will all show their effect with a clear, blemish-free skin.

The skin is fed and serviced by the blood-stream, and a good complexion depends on a good circulation and a clean system. A blood-cleansing tonic is always a good preliminary step towards clearing a spotty complexion. Don't be dismayed if the first effects are to produce a fresh crop of spots. This indicates that the skin is not able to cope with the extra discharge of poisons through the pores which the tonic has stimulated. It is an unfortunate but necessary preliminary, and no indication that the tonic is not working. Quite the contrary, in fact.

There are, of course, special categories of skin troubles, of which the commonest is adolescent acne. This is a skin condition which afflicts many youngsters and is linked with the physical changes which take place in the body in the teens. The exact link with physical factors is not clearly understood, and latest opinion considers there is some psychological factor involved.

However, from the practical point of view, the rule for treating adolescent acne is basically the same for any spotty skin condition. That is, simultaneously from within and without. Attention should be paid to rest, diet and general health. Infection should be localised by the use of antiseptics. The oily, open-pored, blackhead condition which is always present in adolescent acne should be treated with the special grease dissolvent already mentioned, for acne germs are known to thrive in a greasy skin and will not clear until the oiliness has been corrected. Make-up of a reputable brand is not barred, and if it helps to reassure the young sufferer that things are not as bad as they look in her mirror, it is to be encouraged.

In general, the three rules for a healthy skin summarised below will minimise the risk of spots and blemishes, and will deal summarily with them should they appear.

TREATMENT OF THE SPOT

MOST important of all, don't fidget with the spot. Fingering will only retard the healing process and increases the danger of spreading the trouble if the spot is infected. Squeezing is a temptation which should be strongly resisted. Such rough treatment does irreparable harm to the skin tissues and leaves a red scar which takes time to fade.

Dab the spot with an antiseptic ointment like Cuticura to reduce the irritation and inflammation. This will help to prevent other spots appearing. Do this at night and after cleansing the face all the time the spots persist.

The sun is a great healer of spots. But make-up is not harmful, so long as it is a good, pure brand. An antiseptic make-up foundation is advisable. Or, if preferred, an antiseptic lotion can be dabbed on to the spot, and the usual make-up applied over it.

CARE OF THE SKIN

SKINS are less likely to succumb to spots and blemishes if they are healthy and well cared for. Adopt a daily beauty routine which will correct any tendency to over-dryness or over-oiliness. Over-oily skins should be treated with a special grease-solvent solution. Dry skins need a rich lubricant such as Ponds Dry Skin Cream to prevent scaling patches forming danger areas of infection.

Utter cleanliness is of utmost importance in the prevention of blemishes. Washing with soap and water produces a superficial cleanliness. Only certain cleansers dissolve the accumulation of impurities in the pores which cause spotty skin conditions. There is a special complexion milk, which has a deep pore-washing action, recommended for all skins, especially the coarse, open-pored skin which is susceptible to spots.

Licence

The long room which runs from end to end of the house is sitting-room and dining-room too, but it can be separated by double folding doors.

There was no suitable place for a cloaks cupboard so we built one, quite successfully, too, into the side of the staircase.

The front door, now on one side of the house, and the garden which replaces what clearly served as a local dump before we took possession.

By Michael Sheridan

IN the days of the £10 limit on building licences, the author and his wife bought a pair of derelict cottages and, with the courage born of faith in their own foresight, re-created them, step by step, into a delightful home.

TO hear us talk now you would think there was nothing to it. We match the superiority of our town friends, enquiring daintily about the mechanics of cesspool drainage, with a superiority of our own—the intolerable superiority of those who actually *have* restored a country cottage.

We find ourselves tempted to trot out the familiar jargon of the country-cottage books : " We just threw out a window here . . . we dispensed with the original staircase." And, mercifully, we have almost forgotten that " throwing out " the window also threw half the sitting-room into the garden ; that, for a week, dispensing with the original staircase meant climbing a precarious ladder through a hole in the ceiling ; that . . ,

But lest all this sounds too discouraging, let me say that ours was conversion the hard way. In 1946, unlicensed building work was limited to £10 a month and reluctant local authorities, importuned for licences, pointed out truthfully enough that to have a roof at all was something. Nor, in our case, were licences the whole story. For licences would not pay the builders, and to us the advantage of conversion was that we could do it, and pay for it, bit by bit.

It was, in fact, price that tempted us in the first place. £600 for a " pair of brick and flint cottages on old-world village green " *was* tempting to a couple with practically no money and a home that was two blitz-shattered rooms in someone else's house.

But " tumbledown " is too romantic a description of our bargain. The garden clearly served as a local dump. Among the more mentionable objects, we could identify the remains of several prams and a half-buried bicycle frame. Two pathetic bay windows which slouched wearily into the front garden were typical of the sorry state of the two-up-and-two-down cottages themselves. Woodwork was rotten and plaster hung perilously from walls and ceilings. There was no water, and " sanitation " consisted

To Renew

The jerry-built windows went and the two cottages were pulled together with a central bay at the ground floor level.

Two new modern fireplaces were brought to the divisible sitting-room which now runs from end to end of the house. Double doors divide the room in two in the winter.

We call it the "grand staircase" because it *is* grand in comparison with the cottage-style staircase which once led up shakily from a back room.

Pictures by Courtesy of "Country Life."

of a bucket in a corrugated-iron shed in the back yard. It was obvious that eventually almost the entire building would have to be "restored."

Miraculously, when we called in an architect he assured us that, despite all the indications, the place was not really likely to collapse around us. Incidentally, no would-be converter can afford to forgo the luxury of an architect. He knows at once exactly which wall can be safely removed. His trained eye dismisses as comparatively unimportant the apparently disastrous cracks and damp patches, and picks instead on the sagging beam in the roof which you have barely noticed. Moreover, he can probably avoid the patently obvious "conversions": rooms leading out of other rooms, and so on, which mar many a converted house. And he acts as a comforting buffer state between owner and builders. There is, too, much to be said for our method of having complete plans drawn up at once, even though, as in our case, work is still not entirely finished six years later. (You soon learn that converting never *is* finished until you want it to be.) Completed plans ensure that you work to a logical programme. And to be able to see, even on paper, just what the place will look like eventually, is frequently a much-needed morale-booster.

TO-DAY, £100 can be spent without a licence at all and licences for much higher sums are fairly freely granted. It would probably be possible to do most essential work before even moving. *We* moved—during the snow-bound winter of 1946–47—with only the comfort of one tap in the kitchen, primitive electric wiring and a slow-combustion boiler: all our initial licence of £100 would permit. Since then virtually the whole house has been rebuilt about us.

A basin in the bedroom may seem an unwarranted luxury while daylight can be seen through cracks in the walls and it is still impossible to get from one side of the house to the other without going outside. But those who have tried shaving, washing-up and bathing in one kitchen sink will appreciate why one of our first jobs was to take water upstairs—literally inch by inch. For £10 did not go far and the same floor-boards were torn up and replaced four times before we were proud possessors of "four bedrooms (two h. and c.)."

IT was not until the following summer, when a suddenly generous local authority stumped up a licence for £175, that we started on the rebuilding proper. All the front windows and most of that wall needed renewing, so we decided at the same time to give the exterior, at least, some semblance of unity. For weeks we lived, as in a doll's house with the front open, screened from prying eyes only by a discreet tarpaulin. But when this was removed, two cottages had become apparently one house.

Both original jerry-built bays had disappeared. One had become an outsize square bay—one "local" was heard wondering aloud whether we (*Continued on page 76*)

KNITTED IN ONE

To make this jumper you will require 9 ozs. Lister's " Lavenda " 3-ply wool, one pair of No. 10 needles and 4 press studs. Working at a tension of 7½ stitches and 10 rows to 1 in. measured over the stocking stitch, the jumper fits a 34- to 36-in. bust, length from shoulder to hem, 22 ins.

IN order to avoid a seam on the shoulders, this jumper is knitted across from cuff to cuff. Back and front are worked in one. Begin by casting on at cuff with 74 sts.

Work st. st. for 2 ins.

M. 1 st. at beg. and end of next and every 4th row until there are 126 sts.

M. 1 st. at beg. and end of every row until there are 200 sts.

Cast on 82 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows (364 sts.).

Now start working the waist-belt as follows on a p. row.

1st row.—P. 40 sts. The next 25 sts. are the belt sts., k. 25 sts., p. right along until the belt at the other edge is reached (65 sts. from end of row), k. 25, p. the last 40 sts.

2nd row.—K. all.

3rd row.—As 1st.

4th row.—K. up to belt (40 sts.), then * pick up a loop of casting-on, put it on to left needle, k. 2 tog., k. 3, and repeat from * until 25 sts. are used, k. to within 65 sts. and work the second half of belt, k. to end.

5th row.—As 1st.

6th row.—K.

7th row.—As 1st.

8th row.—K. up to belt (40 sts.). K 2, * pick up a loop from 5 rows below, put on left needle, k. 2 tog., k. 3, repeat from * working the last 2 belt sts., k. 2, k. to end.

Repeat these 8 rows, always picking up a loop 5 rows below, until there are 2½ ins. from where the belt started, measured along belt without stretching (not along st. st., as this should measure longer).

Now the belt continues as before, but the work must be divided in half to make slit for neck, so work 182 sts. Leave other 182 until later.

Turn. Cast on 12 sts. to make extra flap at neck, and work on these 194 sts. for 8 ins.

Cast off 12 sts. at neck.

Return to other 182 sts. and work in same way, not forgetting the 12 extra sts. at neck.

Now work on all 364 sts. for 2½ ins. (still working the belts at each end).

Now cast off 82 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows (200 sts.).

Now k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 126 sts.

K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of next and every 4th row until there are 74 sts.

Work 2 ins. straight. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side seams, leaving waist open 4 ins. one side. Hem neck so that 6 sts. form hem, and neck stands up slightly. Hem sleeves 1 in. Sew sleeve seams. Sew press studs to waist opening.

ABBREVIATIONS: K.=knit; P.=purl; st(s)=stitch(es); st. st.=stocking stitch; tog.=together; inc.=increase by knitting or purling twice into one stitch; dec.=decrease by taking 2 sts. together; rep.=repeat; beg.=beginning; s.=slip; m.1=make one stitch by knitting twice into the same stitch.

CANDY COLOURS

CAST ON at wrist with white wool and No. 12 needles, and 60 sts.

Work k. 2, p. 2 rib for 3 ins.

Change to No. 10 needles and st. st. and blue wool and work throughout in stripes of 22 rows blue, 2 white and 22 pink and 2 white, and at same time shape as follows:

M. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 4th row until there are 80 sts.

Now m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 188 sts. (196).

Work straight for 2 ins.

Now k. 2 tog. at end of every k. row and beg. of every p. row (all at one edge) for 28 (36) rows (leaving 160 sts.).

With p. side facing, cast off 67. Work 3 ins. on the remaining 93 sts. (ending exactly at half a stripe).

Leave the 93 sts. on needle until later.

Work another sleeve the same until the 2 ins. to be worked straight are finished. Now make the shaping at opposite edge of work (beg. of k. rows and end of p rows) until there are 160 sts.

Now with k. side facing, cast off 67 sts.

Work 3 ins. on the 93 sts., making both sets of 93 equal, so that they can be grafted together, trying to get 2 half-stripes that, when joined, make one normal width stripe.

GRAFTING

Hold both sets of stitches in left hand, with work right side out, and both needle-points to the right.

Break wool with about 18 ins. to spare, and thread this end into darner.

* Push wool needle into first st. on front needle (as if to k.) and s. the st. on to wool needle.

Push wool needle (as if to p.) into next st. on front needle.

Leave this stitch on knitting needle but draw wool through it.

Take the wool under the front needle, and push the wool needle (as if for purling) into the first st. on the back needle. S. the st. off the knitting needle, and on to the wool needle.

Push the needle (as if to k.) into the 2nd st. on the back needle, leave this st. on the knitting needle, but draw the wool through it.

Bring the wool forward under the front needle, and repeat from * until all the sts. are worked off.

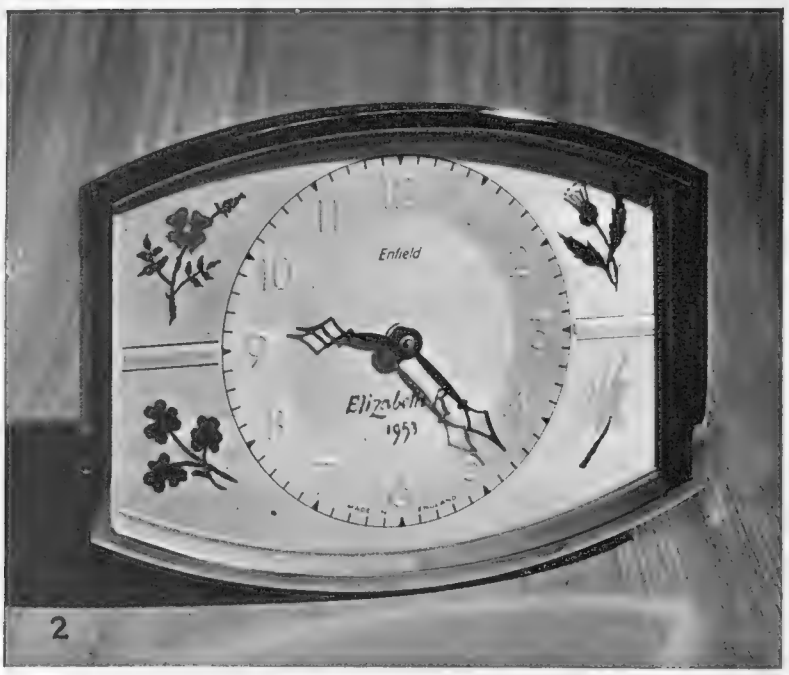
THE RIBBED EDGES

Cast on 100 sts. with No. 12 needles and white. Work k. 2, p. 2 rib for 16 rows. (*Continued on page* 54)

This bolero takes 3 ozs. Sirdar "Majestic" 3-ply wool in white, 2 ozs. in pink, Shade No. 189, and 3 ozs. in blue, Shade No. 152. Work on No. 10 and No. 12 needles. To fit a 34-in. bust. For a 36-in. size use figures in brackets. Tension, 8 stitches and 9 rows to 1 in. The white overcheck, inset, is worked in chain stitch afterwards.

Shopping For You

1. Pretty tiles are gay and have many practical applications in the home. They have obvious uses for fire surrounds, or splash-screens, or as table-mats or pot-stands. But try ranging them along a window-sill to protect the paintwork from the ravages of pot-plant gardening. These hand-painted Marlborough tiles are minor works of art in their own right. The wide range of designs includes scenes from Dickens, wild flowers and Chinese landscapes. Sizes are from 3 ins. by 3 ins. to 6 ins. by 6 ins., prices from 4s. to 10s. 6d., plain matching tiles from 9d.

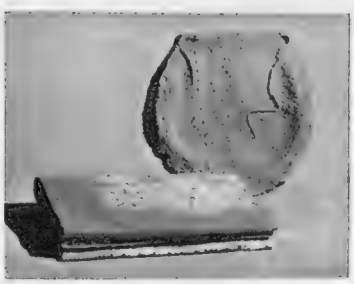


2. The decorative theme this season is naturally Coronation. This thirty-hour clock by Smith's is emblazoned with the national emblems, £1 4s. 9d.

3. Ronson are introducing their new table lighter, in Wedgwood blue, with cameos of the Queen and Duke of Edinburgh in white. 57s. 6d. and 75s.

Prestige range of "Skyline" kitchen utensils are now appearing with scarlet and white handles. The individual tools cost from only 1s. 6d. and the rack 2s. 6d.

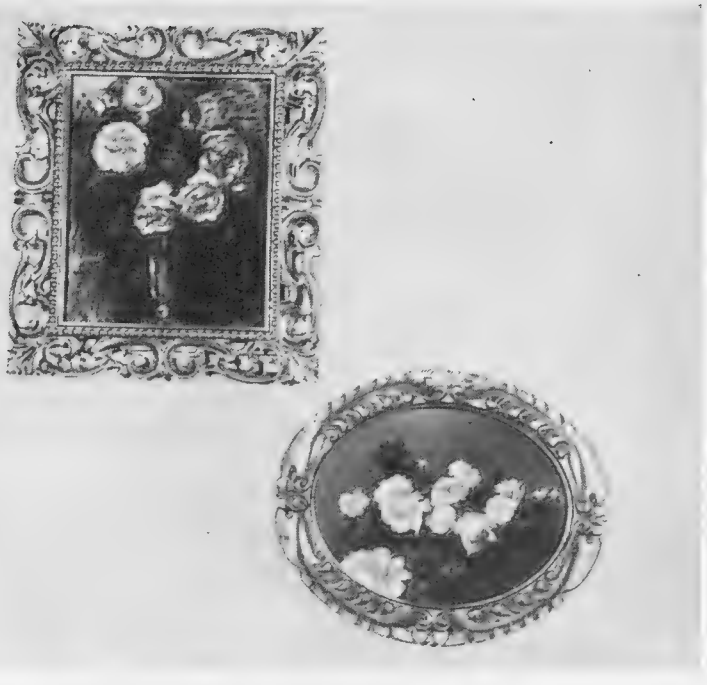
Vantona's new bedspreads, **right**, in coloured flock-like embossed fabric. Single, £4 17s. 6d., double, £5 19s. 6d. A candlewick toilet seat cover, in lovely colours, including black, 24s. 9d., with matching pedestal mats, 39s. 6d., bath mats, 55s. 9d., from Debenham & Freebody.



Canister rack by Tala, with three airtight canisters in scarlet and white enamel, can be screwed to wall or cupboard for space-saving. About 10s. 6d. complete.

By Margaret Sharp

For further details of these items which Margaret Sharp suggests for spring-cheering the house, write to her at Britannia and Eve, Ingram House, 195 Strand, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope



4

4. Carved and gilded frames, once considered too ornate for modern tastes, are back again in new schemes of *décor*. Here are two hand-carved, gilt Florentine frames for mirrors or pictures from the varied selection at Marshall and Snelgrove. Price according to size and intricacy, the oval being 3 gns., the oblong 75s.

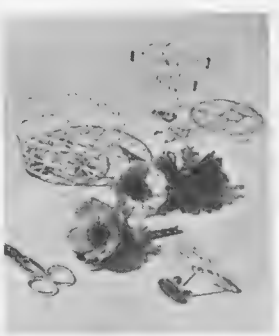
5. These glasses by Chance Brothers prove that Coronation souvenirs need not be costly to be tasteful. In clear glass, decorated with a gold band and the Royal Cypher in yellow, the tankards are only 2s. 6d. for the half-pint size and 3s. for the pint, the tots 1s. 9d. each

6. A Cushion length of furnishing satin, with a really attractive Coronation design. It could be used as a cushion cover, for a firescreen or a chair back. The design is woven in gold on red, white or blue grounds and there are other designs to choose from. This panel is 8s. 11d., or the fabric can also be bought by the yard at Druces

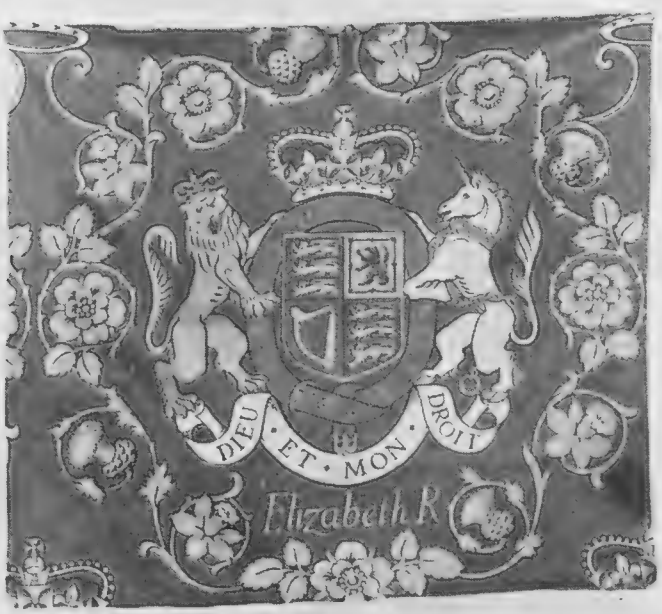
5

This Pifco shaving mirror has the light incorporated into the looking glass and gives perfect illumination for shaving. The light runs off a battery incorporated in the back. 22s. 6d.

Flower arrangers are essential in this season of spring blossom. These Paramount Arrangers are devised on a spring principle, others on suction. The posy holders are from 1s. 6d., others from 2s. 6d.



Wooden flower pot covers elasticized to fit all sizes of pots. In many attractive colours, prices start from 2s. 6d. John Lewis, Oxford St.



6

THE EGG AND YOU

By Janet Darby

I WONDER if ever again we'll be able to say, with Mrs. Beeton and others, "Take six eggs"? Can we ever again be so carefree in our use of them, after the years when using only one egg for anything but essential purposes needed much thought. You probably persuaded yourself—I certainly did—that the substitute recipe you evolved, using as little egg as possible, or even no egg at all, tasted just as good! Now we can relax a little. We may even indulge ourselves to the extent of brushing the top of pastry with a little beaten egg to produce that glorious golden colour.

Free, free at last! Omelettes! Custard puddings! Or just eggs — boiled, scrambled, baked, poached. Think of the luxury of an egg added to curry, stew, or poached in clear soup. Of real choux pastry for cream buns, éclairs and savouries. Is it any wonder that the hen tells the world about her feat when she has laid one? It certainly is something to make a song about.

Now let's talk about ways of using eggs. First as main dishes: egg croquettes, eggs and mushrooms, omelettes, Russian fish pie. Here are the recipes:

Egg Croquettes: Hard-boil three eggs, shell them and chop them fairly finely. Assess the quantity by bulk, and mix with the same amount of thick white sauce and breadcrumbs. Add a squeeze of lemon-juice, season to taste with pepper, salt and a little spice. Put into a saucepan and stir together over heat until it is thoroughly blended. Spread the mixture on a flat plate and allow to cool, when it will have become firm enough to handle. Make small cutlets with the mixture, flouring your hands first, so that it doesn't stick to them. Egg and breadcrumb the cutlets and fry in deep boiling fat until golden brown. Serve on a bed of rice or spinach.

Eggs and Mushrooms. Wash and slice quarter pound of mushrooms and simmer for ten minutes in a covered pan with a very little nut of butter and two tablespoons water. Add pepper and salt to taste. Turn the cooked mushrooms in their liquid into a greased fireproof dish. Beat up four eggs slightly, add a tablespoon of chopped parsley, a quarter teaspoon of paprika, one teacup of milk, and pour over the mushrooms. Sprinkle about two tablespoons of breadcrumbs over the top, a sprinkling of grated cheese if liked, dot with a few pieces of butter or margarine. Stand the dish in a baking-tin of hot water, and bake in a moderate oven for half an hour, when you should find the custard mixture lightly set. Enough for three people.

RUSSIAN Fish Pie. This is a really substantial dish, and enough for four people. You will need one pound of cooked fish, such as haddock, cod, hake or rock salmon. First flake the fish, removing skin and bones. Make a thick white sauce, flavouring it with anchovy essence, curry powder or chopped capers, according to taste, and season it well. Boil four tablespoons rice and hard-boil two eggs. Cut the eggs into slices. Now grease a fireproof dish, and put the ingredients in layers: first fish, then rice, then egg. Moisten with sauce, and repeat the layers until all the ingredients are used, making the top layer sauce. Sprinkle a few breadcrumbs over the top, dot with butter or margarine, and bake in a moderate oven until hot and brown.

And now for *Omelettes*! One could write books about omelettes, but for the purpose of this article I will content myself with general instructions about making plain omelettes, varying the flavours. You will need two eggs per person, a little butter (*not* margarine), two tablespoons of milk or water. Beat the eggs slightly, add the water or milk and seasoning. If you like the flavour of garlic, rub the bowl in which you will beat the eggs with a cut clove before starting.

IF you are making an *Omelette Fines Herbes* add a little chopped parsley and a pinch of mixed herbs. Now put the butter into a dry, clean omelette pan over a low heat. Melt the butter, and tilt the pan until its surface is covered with a thin layer of the melted butter. Pour the beaten egg mixture into the pan, and stir lightly with a spoon over a moderate heat until the eggs begin to set. Then using a palette or other broad-bladed knife loosen the edges of the omelette and tilt the pan slightly so that the liquid egg may run to the bottom and set. When the top is lightly set, but not *quite* firm, fold over quickly and serve on a hot plate.

Cheese Omelette. For this omit the herbs, sprinkle with grated cheese before folding, and sprinkle more grated cheese over the completed omelette. Parmesan cheese is best, but Cheddar will do.

For *Kidney, Mushroom or Tomato Omelette*, cook these additions first, add them to the nearly set omelette before folding over. (*Continued on page* 60)

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What Are They Reading?

By Pamela Fry

A YEAR or so ago, I came across a copy of the very first book I had ever read. And I mean, precisely, *read.* At the age of six I developed such a passion for this story that my mother, for reasons of self-preservation, taught me to read. I shall never forget my delight in that book!

Most of us have such "special" books tucked away in our memories. And if we spend a little time thinking about it—it is often quite startling to realize the degree to which our tastes and attitudes were formed by the books we read as children. Particularly if we are parents, we begin to feel very conscious of the importance of our children reading "good" books. But that is sometimes easier said than done. Children nowadays have an alarming faculty of treading on their parents' aesthetic toes. It is rather discouraging to have a much-loved story dismissed as "soppy" or discarded in favour of a television programme.

Nevertheless, in spite of all signs to the contrary, children still read books. There are in fact many indications that more children are reading more books than ever. School libraries, and the children's section of public libraries, are flourishing as never before. Earnest parents, hot-footed on the trail of better reading for their young, can find plenty of excellent sources of advice. They can discuss the matter with trained librarians. They can consult the book lists of publishers who are taking an interest in the whole question of children's reading.

Of course, there is also the negative side of the picture. By no means all children's literature is designed to bring out the best in them. Some of it, as represented by the more pernicious varieties of comics—seems specifically concentrated upon bringing out the worst. There is also that type of movie which offers a glittering and bowdlerized version of the classic. According to expert opinion it usually succeeds in alienating the child from the original story: "Well—I *tried* to read the book—but it isn't a bit like the *picture,* is it?"

However, it is not my intention to moralize about what children should or should not read—or even to attempt any kind of concise picture of what they *are* reading. What I hope to do is to sketch in broad outline the present-day trends in children's tastes.

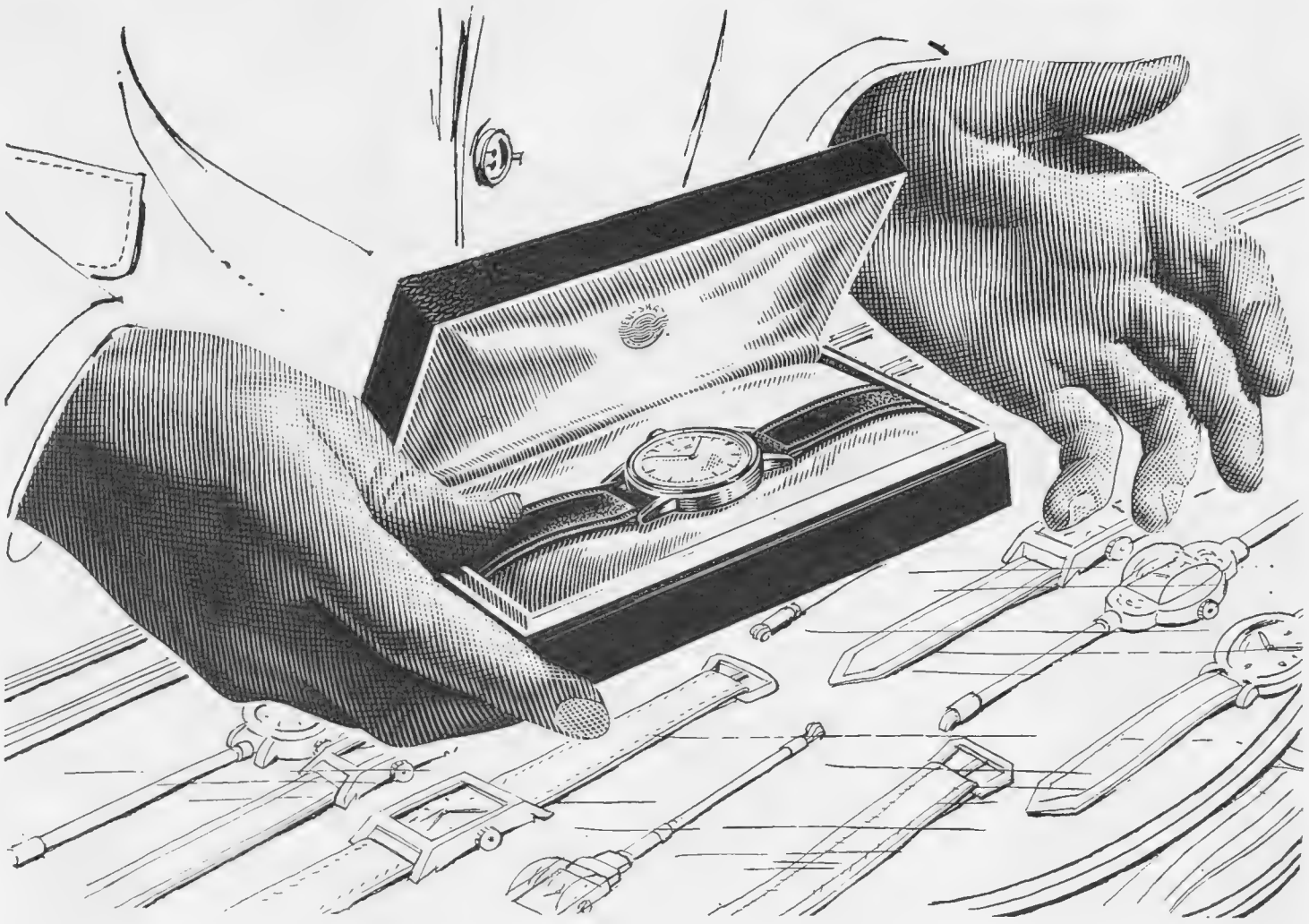
According to Mr. Frank Eyre in his survey *Twentieth Century Children's Books,* children's publishing during the last fifty years can be divided into four periods. The first of these began in the early 1920s. At that time there was a definite reaction against the ponderous moral tone of the Victorians.

FOLLOWING the enormous success of J. M. Barrie's *Peter Pan,* fairies made a major invasion of the publishing world. "Peter" was followed by an enormous spate of fairy tales and fantasies. Some of them are among the loveliest books written during this century. A good many were rather horrible.

The second period began in about 1924 when children's publishing emerged as "big business." A number of children's publishing houses were established at this time, and promptly occupied themselves with the mass production of books, with quantity definitely outweighing quality. They were enormous, bloated books, printed as cheaply as possible, usually made up from stories and pictures which had appeared elsewhere.

But the thirties brought a major change in the whole picture of children's publishing. For some time, librarians and teachers in the United States had been exploring the question of the younger literary diet. Finally they succeeded in prodding parents and (*Continued on page* 54)

TIME IS THE ART OF THE SWISS



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What Are They Reading?

(*Continued from page 52*)

publishers into action. The effect of this movement in England was considerable. For the first time a special category of children's librarian was instituted by the Library Association. In 1935 the Carnegie Award was founded, offering a medal for the best children's book of the year.

AMONG the many good things which happened during this period was the emergence of the modern picture book, which succeeded in being instructive as well as entertaining. It was also very exciting to look at, because it combined the work of some of our best modern artists with new methods of colour lithography which made possible a wonderful harmony between text and illustration. Children, with their natural good taste, took to these gay new books immediately.

Children's publishing suffered a serious set-back by the war. The lost years resulted in a stalemate—partly because of shortages —from the actual paper needed for printing —to the artists and writers who disappeared into uniform. The only type of book which really flourished was the frankly escapist adventure or mystery story, in which children captured bandits and desperadoes single-handed. This sort of book continued in popularity after the war and, according to Mr. Eyre, has become the standard children's fare today.

I discussed this with the representative of one notable book publisher and he told me that children's publishers are divided quite sharply into two categories. "For example," he said, "we concentrate on printing a limited number of high-quality books, deliberately selecting those which will be a little beyond the child's range, in order to draw it on to better books." He went on to explain that the second category of publishers are those who print large quantities of relatively low-cost books, designed only to give a child exactly what it wants, without demanding any exercise of its mental muscles. "Mind you," he added, "I should like to emphasize that a child should be offered both types of books and allowed to choose for himself—a steady diet of either one or the other is equally bad.

ONE category of books in the present-day field deserve special mention. These are the Puffin books, which succeed in being lovely to look at, enjoyable to read and so cheap that a child can buy them out of his own allowance. And children *do* buy them, as is proved by the lively correspondence carried on between the publishers of the Puffin series and their young readers.

Many of the best known Puffin books have been educational or informative in content: *A Picture History Of Britain*, by Clark Hutton, or *The Map That Came To Life*, by J. Deverson and Ronald Lampitt. But they also print original stories as well as reprints of the delightful Noel Streatfeild books, Walter de la Mare and many others.

And what about the children themselves? Well, I was given a brief outline of what they read and when they read it by Miss Eileen Colwell, the well-known children's librarian. From four to seven is what she describes as the "picture-book age," the Beatrix Potter books, the "Orlando" and "Barbar" books and the Enid Blyton series for younger children are particularly popular.

From seven to ten, children show a growing interest in fairy-tales and fantasies, although they also love books like the *Ameliaranne* series and *Winnie The Pooh*. Between the ages of nine and ten, fairy tales emerge as a prime favourite with special attention to such books as the *Dr. Dolittle* series, Hans Andersen and Grimm's fairy tales.

Between the ages of ten and thirteen, children read more than at any other time, with the accent on adventure and mystery stories, both classic and contemporary. The taste for mystery and adventure continues throughout the teens. There is also a growing interest in non-fiction books; mechanical and scientific subjects for boys—biography, sport and ballet for girls.

This fits in very well with the general picture of children's tastes in reading which emerged from my discussion with various publishers. Modern children like factual or generally informative material in their stories, whether fiction or non-fiction. For example, Hodder and Stoughton recently began a junior edition of their "Teach Yourself" series. Their titles for children now range from *Teach Yourself Ballet* to *Teach Yourself Sewing*—or Carpentering—and the series have been remarkably successful. Career books are popular with both sexes "providing they are realistic," say the publishers, although Miss Colwell feels that most children prefer a romantic rather than a real presentation.

AS far as future prospects are concerned, I was given a very interesting opinion by Miss Eleanor Graham, one of the foremost authorities on children's books in England. While emphasizing that she was only expressing her own ideas on the subject, Miss Graham mentioned one book which she feels is a typical forerunner of a good new standard for children. It is Rhoda Powers's *Red Cap Runs Away*, a wonderfully exciting story set in twelfth-century England. According to Miss Graham it combines the highest standards of craftsmanship with the expression of genuine human and social values.

This then, is the picture. Children still read a lot, although too often their literary tastes develop in a very haphazard and one-sided fashion. Radio tends to stimulate children's interest in reading. Movies generally don't, and it is probable that television will have a similar effect. As far as the general scene is concerned, Mr. Eyre sums it up very nicely. He says that when surveying the general scene in children's publishing he is filled with exasperation "that where so much that is good is available so much that is second rate should continue to be tolerated by so many parents."

END

SENSITIVE SKIN needs

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SOAP

Candy Colours

(*Continued from page 47*)

Change to No. 10 needles and work 2 rows. Cast off.

Now make 2 pieces as follows:

Cast on 150 sts. in white with No. 12 needles. (160 for 36 in. bust.)

Work k. 2 p. 2 rib for 16 rows.

Change to No. 10 needles and work 2 rows.

Cast off 60 sts. (70).

Work on remaining 90 sts. as follows:

1st row.—Rib all along.

2nd row.—Rib to within 10 sts. Turn.

S. first st. and rib to end.

This last row must be repeated, but read 20 instead of 10, then 30, then 40, and so on, until you work only 20 sts. before turning. Cast off all 90 sts.

TO MAKE UP.—Sew up sleeve seams.

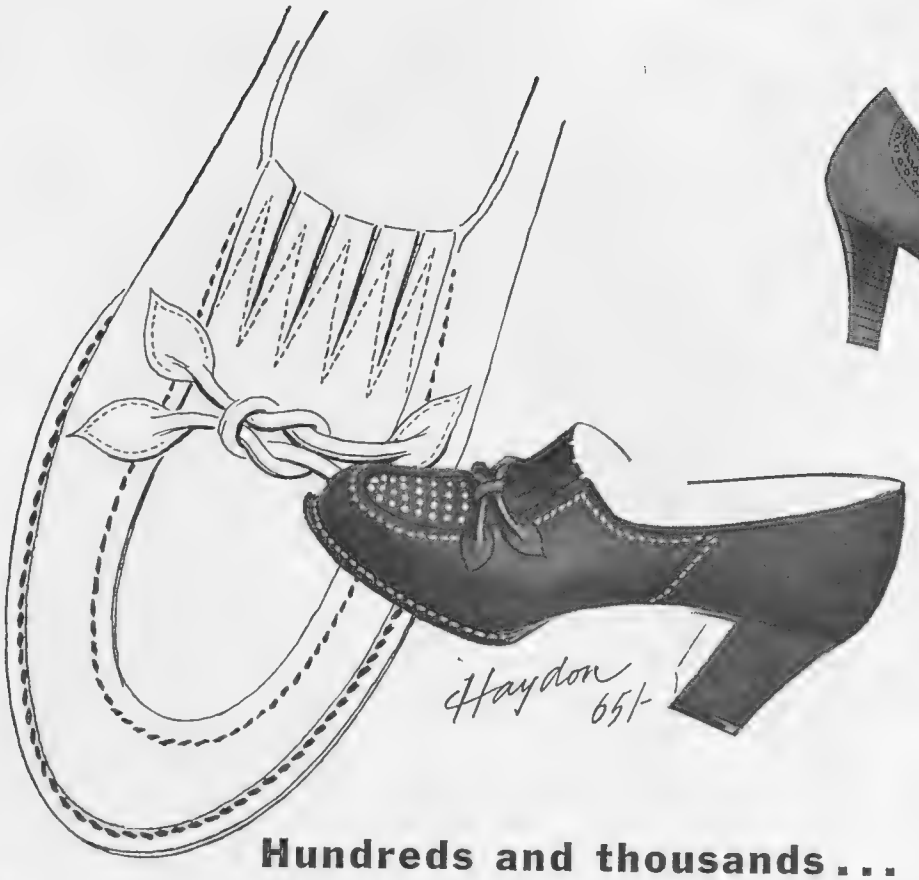
Sew ribbed piece on 100 sts. to lower edge of back.

Sew other pieces with the widest parts making a seam at back of neck, and sew at sides.

Sew on buttons and make loops to fasten.

THE WHITE OVERCHECK LINES.—Thread darner with double white wool. Start at neck at centre of shoulder and work chain stitch down towards cuff, taking about 4 sts. up with needle, and keeping on the same line of stitches. Repeat each side of this all over work, at a distance of 20 or 22 sts. (to form an exact square with the white stripes).

END



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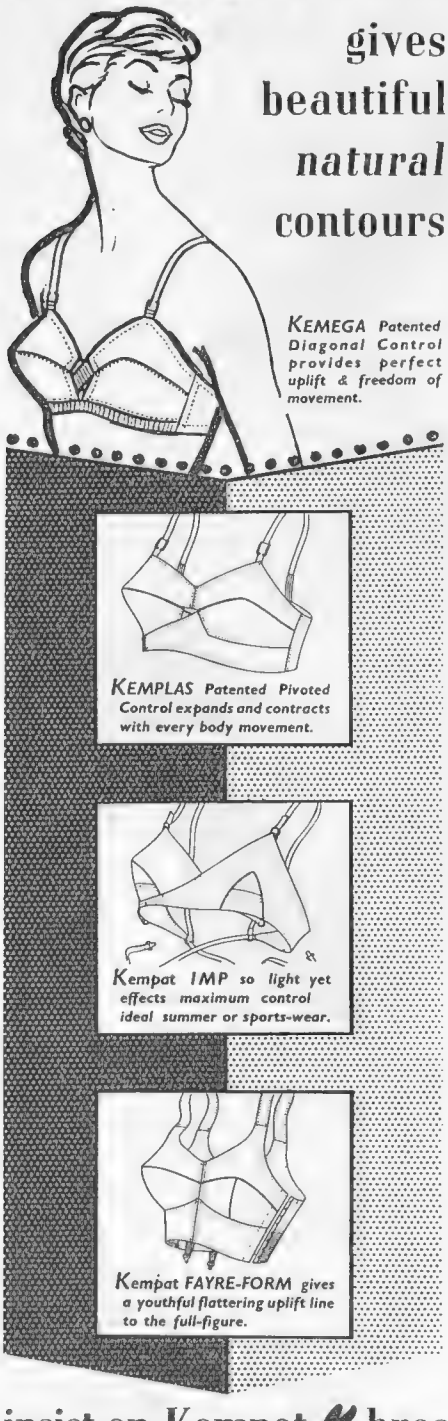
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Round Knight Of The Table

(*Continued from page* 19)

scalp, he would have been astonished and not a little embarrassed. But being quite unaware of it, he continued to be merely sorry, and to wish that she were not always so placidly, hugely, immovably *there*.

But Mrs. Pilkington-Browne herself more than compensated for the inconvenience of Milly. He was fascinated by her voice, which was light and pretty and full of the most sympathetic inflexions; and in it she told him everything about herself—her troubles and her difficulties. Not boringly, but interestingly, with a whimsical, touching bravado and the brave, rather tremulous smile of a lonely woman fighting a losing battle against a singularly villainous world. Her husband, Mr. Pomfrey gathered, had not been too good to her.

"I don't know why it is," the lady would say, after one of these recitals, looking at him with wistful, appealing eyes and placing a hand as light as a feather confidingly upon the sleeve of his coat—one of her many pretty gestures—"but I can talk to *you*. You're so *sympathetic*, Mr. Pomfrey!"

And Mr. Pomfrey, looking from the soft eyes to the tiny hand, felt extremely indignant towards the world which so ruthlessly persecuted this fragile piece of womanhood. Chivalrous longings began to stir in Mr. Pomfrey's breast. But somehow, the fateful words which were to crystallize these longings, remained unspoken. This chagrined Mr. Pomfrey and surprised Mrs. Pilkington-Browne considerably. Then, quite suddenly, things began to happen. And Milly, astonishingly enough, was the cause.

FOR Mr. Pomfrey gradually and most unwillingly, was becoming increasingly aware of certain shortcomings in the character of his beloved. Especially in relation to Milly. He began to notice that she bullied—yes, he admitted reluctantly, bully was the word—that unfortunate creature. Not heartily as a man would have done. But subtly, with a sly, half-humorous maliciousness. Then less subtly. But always wittily. So wittily that even Mr. Pomfrey, while indignant, was moved to sudden bursts of laughter. But always and instantly he was ashamed of himself. Milly was so vulnerable. She was all imperfections. He wondered if she minded very much, and gazed frequently at her placid, downcast face with kind, troubled eyes.

But it was not until, owing to congestion in the dining-room he came to share their table, that he realized Mrs. Pilkington's almost unique gift for cruelty. It must be admitted that on this particular morning Milly had been unusually clumsy.

Poor thing! thought Mr. Pomfrey, looking compassionately at the subdued Milly as they sat at lunch. She'll feel better when she's had her lunch.

Soup had come and gone. He was pleased to see her furtive look of interest as lobster salad was served at a neighbouring table, and he was dismayed almost beyond belief when Mrs. Pilkington-Browne said casually to their waiter: "Miss Thompson will not take this course." Indeed, so blank was his look that she immediately said with a sweet explanatory smile which somehow failed to reach her eyes: "Milly doesn't care for it, do you, Milly?"

And almost incredulously he heard Milly, her eyes fixed hard upon the tablecloth, murmur an obedient "NO." Then with a sudden, awkward movement she knocked a knife off the table, and as they bent down simultaneously to retrieve it her face came very close to his, and he saw with a shock of pleasure that her eyes were as bright and blue as a child's. Then with another shock which was not of pleasure, he realized that their vividity was due to the presence of very-nearly shed tears.

So she did mind, he thought, as very red of face he heaved himself upright again. All this sneering and pin-pricking. Dammit. It was like ill-using a child.

After this, Mrs. Pilkington-Browne's goose, had she but known it, was not only cooked but fatally burnt. For once Mr. Pomfrey had fairly emerged from the rosy mists of love, he saw that there were a good many things about the lady of which he definitely disapproved. Her nails, for instance. They were long and varnished blood-red, and the adjective which the disillusioned Mr. Pomfrey applied to them was impolite, but singularly appropriate.

After lunch on this particular day, they went for a long walk, and Mr. Pomfrey's disaffection increased. It was a shimmeringly hot day. The sea glittered brazenly under a cloudless blue sky. Nevertheless the trio, led by Mrs. Pilkington-Browne, marched briskly along the glaring, unsheltered promenade, past cool green shelters, past gay seductive little cafés where comparatively happy people (Mr. Pomfrey enviously observed) were sipping iced lemonade through straws, on, on towards some far-distant goal where Mrs. Pilkington-Browne had decided to have tea.

After a couple of miles Mr. Pomfrey would have liked to sit down, and kept a hopeful eye on Mrs. Pilkington-Browne so that he might detect the first signs of flagging. But as that lady, still elegant, still cool and composed in her green linen dress, trotted briskly and vivaciously along and showed no signs whatever of obliging him, he began to feel faintly resentful. What was the woman made of? Why was she so cool when he was so hot, so trim when he was so untidy? Dash it, it wasn't human! Then suddenly he caught sight of Milly. Milly's face was flaming and she wiped it candidly from time to time on a very large and very damp handkerchief. Her hair clung in wisps round her face, and dark patches of perspiration showed through her tight and quite unsuitable blue silk dress. She looked exactly as Mr. Pomfrey felt. Looking at her, Mr. Pomfrey felt strangely comforted.

They had tea in the glaring, blaring, be-orchestra'd publicity of a smart restaurant. Sitting there, conscious only of a fervent desire for peace and quiet, and an opportunity to free himself from the determined and diabolical embraces of his shoes and collar, Mr. Pomfrey gazed at the cool and charming frustrator of these homely desires as she poured out the China tea which he detested, and felt the last remnants of his infatuation pass from him.

THE next day Mrs. Pilkington-Browne found it necessary to run up to town.

"Goodbye!" she said, smiling up at him coquettishly. "Be good!"

But Mr. Pomfrey, still ruffled from the previous day's experiences, looked at her rather grimly and felt not the faintest desire to be good. Over lunch, facing a Milly tired-eyed with excessive stocking-mending, an idea suddenly came to him. He enlarged with artfully realistic bitterness upon his lonely morning.

"I suppose," said the artful Mr. Pomfrey, cocking a wistful grey eye at her, "you couldn't come out for a bit this afternoon—just to keep me company?" Milly clasped her plump hands anxiously on the tablecloth.

"Oh, Mr. Pomfrey," she began, "I'm afraid I. . . ." Then she looked at Mr. Pomfrey's steadfastly gloomy face and suddenly capitulated.

So that afternoon, a conscience-stricken Milly and a slightly defiant Mr. Pomfrey walked along the promenade together to the undisguised interest of all beholders. They walked in precisely the same direction as, under compulsion, they had walked the day before. They walked slowly and deliberately; they sat down frequently in cool green shelters; they sipped cooling drinks in gay little cafés. There, with only the tips of their toes making contact with their shoes, and with the two ends of Mr. Pomfrey's collar making no contact whatever, they had tea. They did not talk much. For (*Continued on page* 58)

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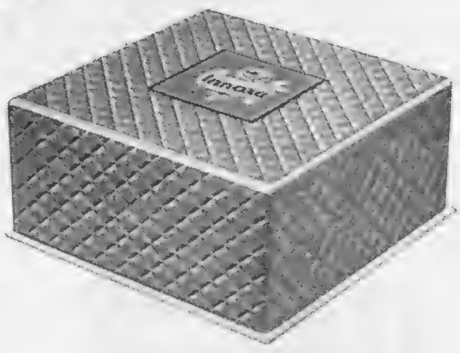

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by the time Milly had warmed Mr. Pomfrey's plebeian heart by confessing to a preference for Indian tea, and they had both chosen strawberry jam in preference to all other, understanding was so complete that speech was superfluous.

AFTER tea they sat on the beach, and sifting the fine sun-warmed sand through their fingers, talked a little in a calm, matter-of-fact sort of way. And Mr. Pomfrey discovered that Milly was not always solemn—that she could in fact, laugh; a rich, gurgling sound which had something profoundly satisfying in it, and which caused a hitherto unsuspected dimple to appear at the corner of her mouth. When they arrived back at the hotel, however, their satisfaction came to an abrupt end. For Mrs. Pilkington-Browne had returned earlier than was expected and was waiting for them.

To Mr. Pomfrey her manner remained undiminished in its sweetness. But Milly suffered terribly in the ensuing days, for in addition to enduring her usual persecution she was put forthwith, under a veil of whimsical solicitude for her health, upon a diet. Mr. Pomfrey watched with consternation the gradual diminution of her sustenance.

And then, quite suddenly, matters came to a head. Returning late one evening from a solitary stroll along the promenade, he stepped into the lounge, intending to smoke a last pipe before turning in. It was nearly eleven o'clock and the room, in its subdued lighting, was deserted. At least, Mr. Pomfrey thought it was. But he had just struck a match and was applying it earnestly when he heard a sound—a subdued, stuffy, but unmistakable sniff. Pipe in hand, he advanced toward it. It came from a far corner, from behind a newspaper held rigidly by two plump, familiar hands. Mr. Pomfrey stuck his pipe in the corner of his mouth and laid determined hold of the newspaper.

"I'm—I'm reading," said a choked voice.

"Oh no, you're not," contradicted Mr. Pomfrey cheerfully. "You're crying." He unfastened the plump resisting fingers one by one, and gained triumphant possession of the paper. Then he sat down. The Chesterfield, from being a precipitous decline ending in Milly, promptly became an almost dead level.

"What is it?" he said sympathetically, so sympathetically that her face crinkled like a child's and fresh tears trickled down to her mouth, where she unashamedly consumed them. She had no handkerchief—she hardly ever had. She wiped her eyes on the backs of her hands and looked at Mr. Pomfrey, her mouth quivering.

"I'm—I'm hungry," she said simply.

MR. POMFREY was appalled. He was also, in a mixed sort of way, pleased. He knew that women cried for all sorts of queer reasons—because they had headaches, or were in love, or hadn't enough clothes, or because their hair wouldn't go right. (Strange right or wrong, his had simply gone.) But never, never had he heard of one crying because she was hungry. It seemed, somehow, to make the whole race more approachable, more human.

"I don't wonder," he said, staring at her in gloomy commiseration. Then suddenly he heaved himself to his feet like an indignant and purposeful elephant, and disappeared with remarkable celerity. Presently he returned, bearing two packets of biscuits and some chocolate.

"All I could get," he said, panting with indignation and exertion. "Everything shut up. I got these from our waiter."

Poor little thing! thought Mr. Pomfrey, quite inaccurately. He felt as he always did when he took in a stray cat and gave it a saucer of milk; warm and protective and strong. He patted her hand encouragingly from time to time. He found that he liked her hands; they were soft and warm, tipped with kind, rounded nails—none of those beastly claws which some women had.

About a week after this, a strange thing happened. Milly disappeared. Before breakfast. Mrs. Pilkington-Browne was perturbed, but not so perturbed as she might have been if she had not had other matters

Round Knight Of The Table

on her mind. For she had decided that it was Now or Never, and that the time had come for the backward Mr. Pomfrey to be put in a spot whence he could be extricated only by a proposal. He was, she supposed dispassionately, the best that could be done, though there were a good many things about him which would have to be altered, of course. Having thus disposed of Mr. Pomfrey's bachelor state, she was very disappointed when he failed to appear at breakfast.

Her disappointment, however, became an emotion even more lively when, just as she was disposing of a piece of toast (spread incidentally with Milly's butter) she happened to glance through the window. For there, trotting down the garden path, hat set at a jaunty angle, and quite unaware of the nice future which had been arranged for him, was Mr. Pomfrey. Mrs. Pilkington-Browne's first reaction was to become pale with fury. For she had suddenly remembered Milly. So that was it. They were off for another jaunt together. How dare they! Her tiny claw-like hands with the blood-red tips clenched themselves angrily and her lips thinned viperishly. Then with an effort she pulled herself together. After all, what did it matter? She had him more or less in the hollow of her hand. The great thing was not to get rattled and make a false move; lose her temper, for instance. That might do after marriage, but before—never!

MRS. PILKINGTON-BROWNE felt sure that Mr. Pomfrey meant marriage. He had been so embarrassed and distracted in his manner lately and that, she felt, was an almost unmistakable sign. For the late Mr. Browne had also been distracted before he had proposed (though this was as nothing to his distraction afterwards, when he realized what he had done). No, she decided, she would be sweet. *Very* sweet, she told herself firmly. And just a little wistful because she had been so lonely—without *him*, of course. Loneliness in the abstract was no good at all. And she would wear her new lavender dinner dress which made her look so fragile and appealing. For they would be back to dinner, of course.

But to her surprise they were back to tea. Tripping downstairs in response to the gong, she came upon the culprits apparently unabashed, sauntering into the dining-room.

"Well," she said lightly, twisting her lips into what she hoped was a smile, "the prodigals' return! I thought you must be feeling ill as you didn't appear at breakfast," she said to Mr. Pomfrey as they sat down, her tone a curious mingling of tender solicitude and gentle reproach.

"I was!" said Mr. Pomfrey with feeling. "But I'm better now. *Much* better!" he added with curious emphasis.

"I'm *so* glad!" cooed Mrs. Pilkington-Browne as she poured tea. "But whatever did you do with yourself all day?" She permitted a delicate, half-playful reproach to pervade her voice. "I saw you go out!" She permitted the delicate reproach to pervade her eyes too, but as Mr. Pomfrey was engaged in peering with his usual mild disgust at his minute allowance of sugar, this naturally failed to impress him.

"Oh," he said cheerfully, as with his usual recklessness he emptied it all into his cup, where he stirred it vigorously as though daring it to escape, "we went to Old Seacombe—*you* know, the business end."

"Yes, but whatever did you *do* there?" said Mrs. Pilkington-Browne with gentle persistance, as she casually but definitely removed from Milly's reach the French pastries which she loved. And as she did so, a sudden chill struck the space set aside by Providence to accommodate Mrs. Pilkington-Browne's heart, for Mr. Pomfrey's eyes were looking at her with a strangely cold, indeed stony, expression. He held her thus for a moment. Then, "We got married," he said.

And with a smile in which mingled tender protectiveness, complete understanding, and a certain complacent satisfaction, he removed the pastry dish from Mrs. Pilkington-Browne's petrified hand, and presented it to Milly.

END

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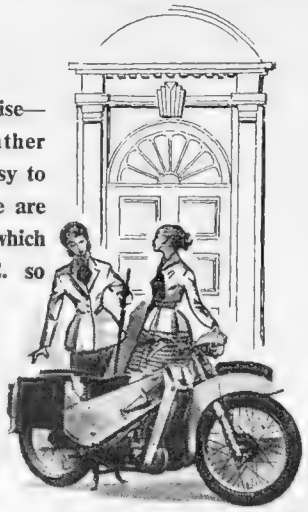

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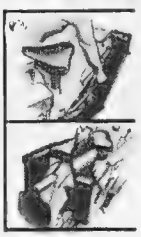

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The Egg And You

(*Continued on page 50*)

A *Soufflé Omelette* is best for ham, and for this you will divide the yolks and whites into separate bowls. Beat the yolks until creamy and light-coloured. Add the milk, chopped ham, and seasoning. Beat the whites until really stiff as for meringues, so that you can turn the bowl over without losing the contents. Melt the butter in the omelette pan as before, fold the whites into the yolks with a spoon, and pour the mixture into the pan. Cook over a moderate flame until air bubbles form on the surface. Then place the pan in a moderate oven or under a grill for two or three minutes, so as to dry the top. Fold over gently and serve at once.

At the beginning of this article I mentioned adding an egg to curry or stew before serving it. This means taking the pan off the heat, allowing the contents to cool slightly, and then beating in a raw egg. Do not cook again, but serve at once. Goulash, as well as curry, is perfected with this addition. I do implore you to try it.

Try *Rice Custard Pudding*, made as follows: Boil two ounces of rice in slightly salted water. Drain when tender. Put the cooked rice into a greased pie-dish and add two flat dessertspoons of sugar, as well as about a quarter-ounce of butter. Beat up one egg, mix with three-quarters of a pint of milk, and stir into the rice. Grate a little nutmeg on top, or a slight grating of lemon-rind, according to taste. Bake in a very moderate oven for about three-quarters of an hour. Serve hot or cold.

Choux Pastry for cream buns and éclairs. These are a special joy in my family, for the excellent reason that they *must* be eaten the day they are baked. They grow soft if left overnight. You will need two ounces of butter (three ounces if you can spare it), 1 gill of boiling water, four ounces of plain flour, three or four eggs.

Put the butter into a saucepan over a low heat, and add the boiling water gradually, stirring continuously. When the butter has melted, add the flour, and stir like anything. Then cook, still stirring, until the mixture is thick and smooth and does not adhere to the sides of the pan. Now remove the pan from the heat and allow to cool slightly, then add the eggs, one at a time, beating each one in thoroughly before adding the next one. The resulting paste should be of a medium stiffness.

Finally, beat hard, before dropping spoonfuls of the mixture on to a greased baking sheet, or into greased éclair tins. If you are making cream buns, the heaps of paste should be at least two inches apart on the baking sheet. Bake for about thirty minutes in a hot oven. The cakes should be well puffed, light and dry. Remove from the oven carefully, and cool in a draught-free place.

When cold, make a slit in the sides, and fill with the desired contents. Whipped real or synthetic cream, flavoured to taste, creamed custard, and so one. Top with chocolate or coffee icing. And remember—they must be eaten the same day! What a chance to let yourself go!

END

Cost Of Living

(*Continued from page 13*)

tricks with our living standards. Into the cost-of-living picture came rationing, subsidies, increased welfare services, higher taxation and ever-mounting prices.

In 1947 the average manual worker was earning just over twice as much as in 1938, and the salaried worker just over fifty per cent more. But prices rose in those nine years by sixty-eight per cent; and so, while the manual worker found himself on balance ten per cent better off than before, the poor salaried worker was twenty per cent worse off.

And it is reckoned that the "basket" of all kinds of goods consumed by the average family was one-and-a-half per cent less plentifully packed in 1947 than in 1938.

Changes in spending habits throw light from another angle. Urban working people spent, in 1947-48 as compared with 1937–38, about nine per cent less of their total income on food; five per cent less on rent; one-and-a-half per cent less on fuel and light; two per cent less on clothing; but over nine per cent *more* on drink and tobacco; and nearly ten per cent *more* on travel, household equipment, newspapers, voluntary insurance, entertainment and so on.

This marked switching of outlay from necessities to amenities is not seen in the comparable budgets of the middle-class salaried worker. He, poor fellow, actually spent in 1947–48 eight per cent *less* of his total income on travel, household equipment, etc., though admittedly he spent nearly seven per cent more of it on drink and tobacco. And his percentage of expenditure on food, fuel and light, and clothing all—unlike those of his artisan neighbour—went *up*. Only the percentage of his rent payments decreased like the workman's—but even then only half as much.

Here the trend was, on the whole, very definitely away from amenities to necessities. Who, in the circumstances, can blame the harassed man of the bowler hat and the brief-case for indulging in a little more nicotine and drowning his troubles in an extra noggin or so of drink?

Common to these relatively prospering wage-earners and relatively depressed salary-earners has been, over the period, a steeply rising cost-of-living. And it is clear that the former, with nearly ten per cent more of their earnings becoming available on non-essentials than in 1938, have weathered the rise better than the latter.

But as the urban workers comprise about seventy per cent of all families and the middle-class salaried workers about twenty-six per cent the net improvement in living standards is pretty big.

Standards of living are, however, tricky things to evaluate and compare. After the war Britain was consuming fifty per cent more milk than before, but fifty per cent less butter. Did the change improve or worsen the standard? Again, does the ability to buy a larger "basket" of goods mean a better living standard—regardless of the quality of those goods?

To complicate the matter still further, there are the "social goods" like free education and clean streets that clearly benefit the community but cannot be completely assessed in terms of money.

But these difficulties apart, an obviously reliable sign of improving standards of living is an increased expenditure by the ordinary earner on all kinds of goods, a greater ability to buy things like, for instance, radios, television sets, cars, that previously were beyond his reach. The bigger the proportion of the annual national income spent by the ordinary consumer, the better the general standard of living.

Up to 1914 it was a larger share of necessities rather than bigger and better amenities that was the immediate goal of the working man. Records show that the weekly budget of the 1914 family of father, mother and three children was forty per cent more than that of a comparable family of 1880. And most of this excess went on improved feeding. The 1914 family eat less bread and potatoes, a little more fresh milk, tea and sugar, much more meat, bacon and butter.

By 1939 the real income per head had gone up by another twenty-five per cent. And again the family menu changed for the better. Bread and potato consumption decreased further, but other (*Continued on page 62*)

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Cost Of Living

foods, notably butter, fresh milk, tea, fruit and vegetables, eggs, cakes and biscuits appeared on the table more and more. But not only the ordinary man's eating improved; he was better housed, better clothed and he could afford more fun in his leisure hours.

The tale from then on has already been told in some measure. The pattern of living standards that was so strangely distorted during and after the war by scarcities and rationing—1947 food consumption per head was three per cent less than in 1938, clothing twenty per cent less, entertainments forty-three per cent more, newspapers and books fifty-four per cent more—is beginning to look more normal.

But the sweeping changes that have taken place over the last sixteen years in general standards of living and the alterations in the way of family spending have yet to be assessed. The items on which people spent their money in 1937—and which appear in the old index of retail prices—may not be those on which the money goes today; new and essential purchases may have entered the budget; what then were regarded as luxuries may now seem to be part of the ordinary way of life. And prices everywhere have rocketed.

The answer to the question "How much does it cost to live?" will appear in a year or so when the patient men from the Ministry have sorted out the data from 20,000 homes and worked them into an index of retail prices that really mirrors the current spending habits of the nation.

END

The Coronation Story

(*Continued from page* 31)

the famous chair that contained the Stone of Scone.

Next came Anne, last of the House of Stuart, crowned with her Consort, Prince George, in attendance—and thereby specially linked with our present Queen, Elizabeth II. Anne it was who chose for her Lord Great Chamberlain a woman—Sarah, wife of the great Duke of Marlborough.

AT all times the Coronation service has of necessity been an ordeal for the lonely central figure, but no Queen—and probably no King—has had to endure a longer trial of endurance than Victoria.

Benefiting not at all from her uncle and predecessor William IV's shortening of the ceremony she sat through five protracted hours of elaborate and not always well-rehearsed ritual, patient and unruffled even when things went a little amiss—as when the Archbishop forced the Ring on to her wrong finger.

But the crowning of this girl-Queen—she was not then twenty—will always be memorable for the little incident in which she showed such charming consideration for the infirmities of old age.

The Senior Baron, Lord Rolle, who was eighty-two, was ascending the steps to pay homage to his sovereign when he tripped over his robes and fell. Immediately the Queen rose and stepped forward to help him to his feet—a humane act which earned the old Baron's undying gratitude and endeared her to her subjects.

The unforgettable events of that great day Victoria committed with a youthful and refreshing zest to the pages of her Journal; and there is no better first-hand account of a Coronation.

This year another young Queen will be crowned; and as the ancient ceremonial with its brave show of medieval pageantry is once again enacted the picture will be as romantic and colourful as that of any Coronation of the past.

END

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The Painted Smile (*Continued from page 34*)

together. A profession into which she could step straight from school. It was strange to know so little of one's own daughter.

If Mildred had lived everything would have been different. Toni had never ceased to grieve for his gay young wife who had tap-danced just a little too long before Pamela was born. If Mildred had lived Pamela would have had a home. That was something even his money couldn't buy her.

IT hadn't worked out the way Mildred had meant. When she was dying she said: "You'll look after baby Pamela, my darling, but who'll look after you?"

"I don't need——"

She had interrupted him smiling. "How foolish I am. Baby Pamela will grow. She'll be a girl. She'll be a woman. You can look after one another."

He was glad that Mildred never knew it hadn't worked out that way.

In those days he was working hard, three nights here, three nights there. Hardly a railway station in England with which he hadn't a nodding acquaintance. He had been obliged to put the little girl in other people's keeping.

It was after Mildred died that he made his first success in the West End. Pamela knew nothing of those early struggles. Success had no savour without Mildred, but at least it enabled him to give Pamela the best of everything.

He got her a uniformed nurse with magnificent references, and modern training, with diplomas in many things including something mysteriously described as "child psychology." The nursery was practically out of bounds. Toni was working at high pressure. Clowning being an international language he was often abroad. At home his hours were irregular. He was seldom in the house at a time that Nanny thought suitable for him to see Pamela.

He had never forgotten the first and only time she had seen him on the stage. Her small white face frozen with horror at the discovery that her father was a red-nosed comedian with a waddle. Nurse had hurried her screaming from the music hall.

After that whenever the child saw him she screamed and ran away to hide.

"Want to be very careful, sir," said Nanny. "Might do her a lot of harm—later on."

It sounded alarming and significant. At her high-toned training school Nanny had learnt more than how to bath the baby.

"What sort of harm?" he asked.

"If I were you, sir, I'd not try to see her. Later on she'll forget."

"But she's only seven, only a very little girl."

"It's when they're little that it does them the most harm, sir."

He had bowed to her superior wisdom. When Pamela outgrew Nanny he sent the child away to an expensive boarding school.

AT parting Nanny gave him some advice. She didn't wish to presume but she thought it would spoil Pamela's social chances to have it known that she was his daughter.

"You're a famous gentleman, sir, but not—if I may say so—the sort of famous that would help her to a good marriage."

Nanny was educated. Nanny should know best. He stayed away. Pamela spent her holidays with school friends or went abroad in the care of governesses.

Once or twice, unknown to her, he had gone down on prize-giving days. She looked healthy, she seemed happy. The place, the parents, the school staff, even the other children, terrified him. Creatures living in another world. To get back to work was like the comfort of a hot bath on a cold day.

"Got a pass, sir?"

Toni was surprised to find that they had arrived at the gate and that the great hospital loomed up at the end of the drive. He fished in his pocket for a paper he had been given. The porter peered inside the car.

"Why it's——" He stopped embarrassed at the familiarity of addressing him by a single name. "That's all right, sir. Concert tonight, ain't there?"

"Yes. You coming?"

"Can't leave the gate, sir. Still I can tell my kid I seen you and talked to you. He won't half get a kick out of that."

Toni Brehon smiled as the car slid through the gates. Other people's kids thought he was all right.

AS the car stopped at the main entrance people came forward eagerly. He was not very sure who they were but there was a babble of welcome and a great deal of hand-shaking.

"Sorry I couldn't be earlier but I've come ready to go on."

"Damned good of you to come at all, Mr. Brehon. Can't tell you how grateful we are. Star turn should be last."

"Your daughter is in the hall, sir."

Someone added. "In front with Dr. Armstrong."

"Bet she's proud and excited."

"Anything you want, sir?"

Jackson handed over the music. "Would someone give this to the conductor?" said Toni.

"Afraid we've only got a pianist."

"All the better. Won't drown my gags."

Someone took the music and ran off in a different direction. Nice fellows. Medical students perhaps. All very gentlemanly and agreeable.

They moved down the corridor towards the small theatre. In the wings Jackson took his coat, ran an eye over his make-up, handed him a powder-puff and held up a mirror. Toni barely glanced in it, powdering his face mechanically. He was trying to penetrate the dim light in which the audience sat.

A contralto was singing a lush number about the delights of home. Toni saw rows and rows of men, the sombre line broken now and then by a nurse's white uniform. There were wheelchairs at the side and male attendants. In the front sat the hospital dignitaries.

HE found Pamela at last. She was not in uniform. She was standing slim and golden against the far wall and with her a young man to whom she turned from time to time to whisper a word. They were not listening to the singer. They were holding hands. There was something submissive in the turn of her head. Once he saw the young man bend towards her and her hair brushed his cheek.

Her eyes, he knew, were blue like her mother's. No, not like her mother's. Mildred's eyes had been warm with loving. This girl's eyes would be cold. Mildred had been small and quick and neat, but her daughter was tall and she had been schooled to walk with dignity. No school, no matter how expensive, could teach Mildred's daughter to be as sweet a woman as her mother.

The curtain came down on polite applause. There was a murmur of conversation, a shuffling of feet.

"You go careful, guv," said Jackson. "Mucky little stage."

"You be ready to get me out of this clobber when I come off."

Toni pushed away all personal thoughts. He was no longer the polite, lonely, middle-aged man. He was Toni the clown, Toni the red-nosed comedian. He hoped the pianist would be able to read the score and come in on the right cues. Bit of an ordeal all this with no rehearsal. Like the old days. All those squitty little places where he and Mildred had played. Concert parties, parish halls, fit ups. He ought to know how to cope.

He heard the opening bars of his music. He shut his mind to the vision of his slim golden-haired daughter and busied himself solely with the men in front.

As he waddled forwards the applause was deafening. They were released from boredom, they settled down to enjoyment.

Toni resolutely denied himself the quick look that might have satisfied his curiosity as to how his daughter was receiving his performance. He must pretend that she was not there. He modified nothing of what was rude and crude. He concentrated on the men. He gave them everything. He fell—to gales of laughter. He waddled—to shouts of delight. He was the world's fool for their pleasure. He was all the simpletons rolled into one. They laughed at him, they loved him with a warm, pitying, human passion. He held them in the hollow of his hand.

The turn ended to cheers and clapping, to the stamping of feet, to his name shouted again and again, to all the sounds that had rung in Toni Brehon's ears for the last eighteen years.

BACK stage people were thanking him profusely, important people; doctors and surgeons, members of committees, calm-eyed matrons, and grave men who sat on Boards.

"We have a little supper, sir, if you'd honour us. And someone sent us a case of champagne."

"I could do with some supper right now," said Toni. "Just give me time to get changed."

Jackson was waiting in the cubby-hole of a dressing-room. "Extra good tonight, guv." Jackson was a connoisseur.

"Good audience. That helps." Toni sighed as he got out of his baggy clothes. "I'm tired," he said.

He was in his dressing-gown, his wig off, his fingers in the pot of cold cream, when there was a knock on the door.

"Tell'em I'll be along," he said. "I'll see 'em later whoever they are."

He worked the cold cream round his mouth, obliterating the painted grin. He half heard Jackson stalling at the door. Then Jackson came back reluctantly.

"It's a Dr. Armstrong. Wants to see you on a personal matter. Kind of obstinate."

"Dr. Armstrong? Yes—yes. Let him in."

Toni, his face shining with cold cream, turned to look at the young man. Not so terribly young, now that he saw him nearer. Twenty-six or seven perhaps. Rather a fine face. Stood well too. But tense, nervous, regular first night jitters.

Yes, thought Toni quickly, looks all right but what do I know about people of his class? Nothing. And it has something to do with Pamela. Must watch my step. Some day she'll be a very rich young woman. Don't want to hand her over to any fortune hunter.

SUDDENLY he felt suspicious, irritated, on the defensive. "You wanted to see me?" he said brusquely.

"Sorry to crash in like this."

So upper class, so old school tie, thought Toni. I'd like to sock him one in the kisser.

"What was it you wanted to see me about?"

The young man glanced at Jackson. "If I could see you alone for a minute, sir."

"Don't worry about Jackson. He's a deaf mute."

It was an old joke. Toni liked to have Jackson around whenever he was unsure of himself. Whatever he did would be all right with Jackson.

Toni wiped his face. "Take a pew." He waved with the towel to an upright chair.

The young man sat on the edge. "I don't know where to begin." He had an engaging smile. Smooth, thought Toni resentfully. Too smooth. All those party manners. All this English gentleman stuff. All this beating about the ruddy bush.

"I'll help you. It's about Pamela."

"Yes." The young man grew grave. "We love each other."

Toni said nothing. He just sat there looking at the young man as if he were trying to see into his soul. Jackson came across and Toni changed from his dressing-gown into his coat. Now he looked like anybody else. Toni the clown was being packed away into the suit-case. The young man followed Jackson's movements as if glad of the respite.

"Haven't got all . . (*Continued on page 66*)

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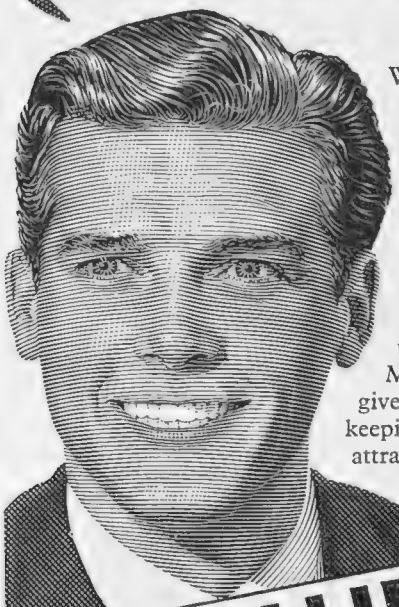

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night." "We—we want to get married."

Toni shook his head. "Not so fast, young man. You're not going to have it as easy as all that. She's too young."

"She'll be twenty in the spring."

"That's nothing to do with it. My wife was seventeen when we married but she knew——" He stopped speaking because it was impossible to enumerate all the things that Mildred had known—poverty and friendliness, sorrow and laughter, and generous wholehearted love—all the things that had gone into their hard-working lives.

"Pamela knows——"

"Pamela knows nothing." Toni was sharper than he had quite intended. "Not all her fault. She's been brought up in an idle sheltered world."

"She's told me." The young man's voice had become curiously dry and unfriendly.

"She's probably also told you what she thinks of me."

"Yes."

"Perhaps you think she's right."

"Yes."

"Then let me tell you I'm saving you from marrying a cold, ignorant, ungrateful girl."

"She warned me you'd oppose us."

"Why did she think that? Haven't I always given her everything?"

"No."

Toni stared at the young man in astonishment. "What you mean?"

"You gave her nothing she wanted."

"What the devil did she want?"

"The things your money couldn't buy. The things I can give her."

"That's news. Go on, Mr. Know-All. You tell me what I did wrong?"

THERE was a light knock at the door and Jackson opened it and she stood there and Toni blinked to see how lovely she was, this lily fair daughter, this child of the bright-eyed little hoofer and the man with the diseased hip.

Young Armstrong was on his feet. "You were quite right, Pam. He's dead set against it."

Her eyes were blue, but they weren't cold, they were blazing with indignation. He had seen Mildred look like that over ill-treated children, and chiseling managers, and overloaded horses.

Her eyes were not cold but her voice was icy. Well controlled. Exaggeratedly polite. "Why do you object, Father?"

"I've plenty of reasons and seeing as you're not yet twenty-one, this is one time you can't write me one of your chilly little notes telling me what you've decided."

"But that's foolish." Condescendingly, as if he were a moron. "Don't you see that this way you can get me out of your life forever?"

"Why should I want to do that?" he asked in bewilderment.

"Isn't it what you've always tried to do?" Anger flew bright banners in her cheeks. "All these years you've kept me hidden away as if I were a leper."

He got to his feet. He, too, was angry. He limped towards her. "What you talking about? It was you who disowned me, you were ashamed to have a red-nosed comedian for a father."

"Oh that old story! Nanny told me. I was seven. I was frightened. I'd never been to a theatre before. Fancy holding that against a kid. You and your wounded ego."

"My what?" he shouted.

"Your wounded vanity."

SUDDENLY Toni was conscious of a movement coming from the shadows in the room. Jackson about to do battle.

He put up a hand. "It's all right, Jackson. Let her rip. It's interesting."

Her little head was very erect. Now, certainly, she was not afraid of him. "In my teens I used to creep into the gallery to watch you. I felt safe up there."

"You—you watched me?"

"Often, why not? The press said you were a second Little Tich. I didn't know who he was but I knew you were a great clown even if you were a rotten father."

"Did I make you laugh?"

"No." She was still a moment. "No, you made me cry."

He limped away from her, back to his chair. "I don't understand." His head sank in his hands.

"It's easy. You didn't want to be bothered with a kid. You were a great artist. So you shoved me into school. You wouldn't even have me home for the holidays. Home—you never made me a home."

"I hadn't got a home," he interrupted indignantly.

She went on as if she had not heard. "Now, when I make a try for happiness you want to stop me."

It was young Armstrong who broke the spell. "Come away. Don't worry, Pam. We'll wait. We'll get married the day you're twenty-one."

Toni swung round. That was the fortune hunter speaking. "You marry without my consent and you don't get a penny of my money."

"Heavens, we don't want your money! Hasn't it done harm enough already? I earn what will keep Pam in comfort. You leave your money to a cat's home."

TONI stared at the young man. He had got through the crust of good manners and there was a real person underneath. He wasn't a fortune hunter. He was a likeable young fellow when he stopped being so damned polite. Toni smiled to himself. Got through to him with an old tag from some melodrama. "A penny of my money." Good grief, that was a corny line.

"You think you can make her happy?"

"If I can't make a better fist of it than you did——"

"All right—all right." It was a snap, a bark. Toni didn't want to be reminded. "Now get out of here quick, my lad." He jerked his thumb towards the door. "I want to talk to my daughter." A smile came and went on his mouth. "You go and drink that champagne they got on ice for me. Take Jackson with you. He needs a drink, too."

Armstrong hesitated, looking to Pamela for guidance.

"It's all right, Timmy," she said. "You go."

Jackson hesitated, looking to Toni for guidance.

"It's all right, old cock. She won't hurt me—much."

The door closed behind the two men.

Toni looked across at her. She stood flattened against the wall as if she expected to be stabbed in the back. There was silence. They eyed one another warily.

"It's all right," he said wearily. "I won't touch you. Don't be scared." She took a step into the room. "You win. Hands down." He paused and added. "Your mother knew."

"Knew what?"

"What we should've done. When she was dying she said you and I should look after each other." He smiled bleakly. "Proper old mess I seem to have made of things."

"You got what you wanted."

"Think so?" He shook his head. "That act of mine—the clown—the sucker who falls over his own feet—who gets entangled in the backdrop—who sings off key—who talks nonsense—all the fools in the world rolled into one." He paused and nodded. "Seems as how it's not acting at all. Seems as how I was just playing myself."

"What did you want then?" she asked on a rising inflexion.

"What's the good?"

"Please—I must know."

"I wanted same as other chaps. I wanted a home. I wanted a kid. Someone who belonged to me. Only I thought——" He made a gesture of helplessness. "Funny about you sneaking in to see me. I used to sneak in to see you—prize days and such like."

"Why didn't they tell me?"

"They probably didn't know. I slipped in with the crowd. I didn't want for you to be shamed."

"I wish I'd known."

"You always looked so pretty and so happy that I thought . . ." The sentence died on the air. It would take too long to tell her all he thought. "It doesn't matter any more, does it? You marry the lad. I'll make it all right about the money. I'm sorry I made difficulties. Sorry I created."

SHE came closer. She looked down at him in frank curiosity. "I wouldn't have known you if we'd met in the street." Her voice was full of the strangeness of things.

"I'm not much to know," he muttered. "They're waiting for me for supper."

"Don't go yet. Don't go for a minute. We—we've got to get acquainted."

"It's too late."

"No—no, it's not. We can't have back the time we've lost but there's other time——"

He looked up then and her eyes were blue, her eyes were warm. "You think we could——"

For answer she dropped to her knees beside him and he laid his cheek against her gold bright hair. "I've been a fool," he said softly.

"I haven't been very sensible," she said.

He stiffened suddenly. "They'll be waiting supper for me. Old pro mustn't keep his public waiting."

"Let's go into supper together," she whispered. "I want them all to know you're my famous father."

"Let's."

He got to his feet. He took her hand. They walked that way together, the limping middle-aged man and the gold bright girl.

END

Women In The House (*Continued from page 15*)

a gathering of rather smug, middle-aged, successful professional men to some unusual types of womanhood.

The very first woman to be elected was the beautiful and fiery Countess Markievicz. A leader of the revolutionary Sinn Feiners, she never took her seat because she had murdered a policeman and dare not set foot in England. Another woman M.P. with an unexpected background was Mrs. Hilton Philipson whose husband had been the National Liberal member for Berwick. He was educated at Eton and Oxford and served in the Scots Guards—a conventional political upbringing in the 1920s. His wife, however, who took over Berwick as a Conservative had been Mabel Russell, one of the pneumatic and saucy-eyed Gaiety Girls.

Many a wife has noticed with annoyance the way a husband who is fired with righteous indignation in private, grows conventional and accomodating in public. The atmosphere of the Commons with its emphasis on tradition and restraint makes passion seem like bad form, the greatest sin a gentleman can commit. In a brilliant autobiographical passage in *In Place Of Fear*, Aneurin Bevan describes this feeling after a rabble-rousing speech that "you think you have hurled a brick, but it turns out to be a sponge." The woman M.P. does not allow herself to be overawed so easily. She tends to get angrier and angrier until the Minister pathetically promises to put her complaint right.

Burly, strong-armed Mrs. Elizabeth Margaret Braddock is such an M.P. Like a bulldozer in bottom gear, nothing can stop her once she takes the brake off. Born solidly in the working class, her language is salty and colloquial. For example she once described some of her constituents in Liverpool as "living in flea-ridden, bug-ridden, rat-ridden lousy hell-holes." Beginning on the left of the Labour Party (she was originally a Communist), she has (*Continued on page 68*)

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now moved rapidly to the right. She is well on her way to becoming an Ernie Bevin in corsets now. Nevertheless she still boasts that she "has never shaken a Tory by the hand." It would be a mistake however to think of her as an emotional orator and nothing more. When she was President of the Liverpool Child Welfare Committee, she was instrumental in reducing infant mortality to its lowest level ever. Her husband has tried unsuccessfully to get into Parliament several times, but still remains Councillor John Braddock. They celebrated their silver wedding in 1947.

THE Conservative M.P., Lady Tweedsmuir, perhaps the most chic and attractive of women members. She is the greatest contrast to Mrs. Braddock and no one would dare call her by her Christian name in debate. As far as dress goes, Dr. Edith Summerskill is probably her nearest rival. Dr. Edith dresses smartly and jauntily and rather resembles the heroine of a girls' school story, suggesting ability at hockey, a firm hand with the younger girls, and a talent for getting through exams with little work.

Dr. Summerskill, who was twenty-one years a practising doctor, is a much subtler and more powerful politician than Lady Tweedsmuir. She rules the Labour Party Executive with her tongue and is complete master of the platform technique. I remember a meeting in Hammersmith during a by-election when she could not speak for Conservative booing.

Instantly she perceived a way of silencing her opponents, and she began to speak of the qualities of the M.P. whose death had left the seat vacant. Every British audience respects the dead, and all were silent. Gradually she introduced more and more propaganda into her speech until eventually she had returned to her prepared script. Not another murmur came from the hostile section of the audience.

Other woman M.Ps, not now in the House, concentrated on single problems. "Red Ellen" Wilkinson, one of the most brilliant Ministers of Education ever known, campaigned for her constituency of Jarrow, "the town that was murdered," so effectively that it became a symbol of misrule and callousness

Women In The House

on every platform in England. Grey-haired, determined Eleanor Rathbone, the independent University member, was the single person by whose tireless advocacy Family Allowances eventually became inter-party policy.

In 1929, a great stir was created by the appointment of Margaret Bondfield as Minister of Labour in the Socialist Government. Today women ministers are commonplace, with expert sharp-featured, bushy-haired Florence Horsbrugh as Minister of Education, and attractive, red-haired ex-secretary Patricia Hornsby-Smith as Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Health.

There are still only a few women in Parliament. Their scarcity is due not so much to the hostility of male voters as the suspicion of other women on the committees which select candidates. In fact, her sex is reckoned to be worth about a 1,000 votes to any woman candidate. The secret is to mix masculine efficiency with feminine sympathy.

END

A Nice Cup Of Tea (*Continued from page 40*)

achieved the distinction of being the worst tea-maker of all time.

How to make tea? That, then, is the question. The pot must be well warmed, the water fresh and at full boil. It sounds simple enough, and yet, even in Britain, tea is not always well served up to us in hotels, restaurants, station buffets and wayside cafés; seldom compares with the brew we enjoy at home.

THE farther we travel, the worse things become. In Australia I found that tea is drunk in most homes at least five times a day, generally by the labour-saving method of adding fresh leaves to an ever simmering pot. As for the pungent billy-can tea, this is not a concoction for the tenderfoot but a scarifying liquid guaranteed to contain the maximum amount of tannin per can.

American tea is something else again. Brewed in a bag, the deadly lukewarm infusion looks like washing-up water and tastes even worse than it looks. No wonder the Americans print on their packets of tea: "How to make . . ." and go on marvelling at our passion for such a strange drink.

As for the samovar tea of the Russians, a friend who has tried it, describes it with the one word—*horrible*. In France, too, tea-drinking is not encouraged. If you insist on afternoon tea you pay for it dearly, and nervously trust that the herbal flavour at least denotes some slight medicinal virtue.

All of which goes to show that the making of tea, like the making of coffee, is an unexportable art and that globe-trotting Britishers have as little hope of drinking a really good "cupper" while far from home, as their American counterparts of finding "cawfee" worthy of the name this side of the Atlantic.

And while writing of tea, it would be ungrateful to fail to acknowledge the important rôle it played in the last World War. Although no foreign agent was clever enough to discover this secret weapon of the British, we all know that it was hot and frequent cups of strong, sweet tea that got us through.

As a final tribute to the teapot, the medical profession recommends tea in the treatment for shock, thus setting, rather late in the day, the official seal on every woman's prescription for the troubles and trials of life as well as the gala occasions—A good cup of the Emperor Shen-Nung's "*Cha.*"

NOW, here are some special brands that palates unschooled in aesthetic tea drinking should learn to know. Taste in tea is a highly individual thing, but among these to follow there is something for every taste and nearly every occasion.

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Pure Darjeeling. A fine Indian tea with the true muscat grape flavour.

Pure Assam. A rich Indian tea, the choice of many connoisseurs.

Pure Ceylon. A good family tea, of good colour and strength and delicate flavour.

END

Heat Without Hearth (*Continued from page 41*)

because they can have their ashpits sunk below floor level and draw their air for combustion and convection from beneath the floorboards, so doing away with ground level draughts in the room.

The Marathon, without a back boiler, will heat a room of 2,250 cu. ft. provided the convected warm air is used in the same room. When used elsewhere, the heated air will give background warmth to 2,000 cu. ft. and the open fire alone will raise the temperature in a room of 1,750 cu. ft. to comfort level. Without a boiler, the Marathon burns 1 to 1½ cwts. of fuel a week. Complete it costs just over £18 10s. There are slightly cheaper models with ashpits above hearth level.

THE most economical and effective—though oddly enough not the most popular—way of heating a room is by an enclosed continuous-burning stove, in which the fire is normally shut in so that no air, except the controlled draught, can reach it. Air is warmed in the space between the enclosed firebox and the outer casing of the stove and then flows out through vents at the top to circulate about the room, penetrating into every corner and maintaining a gentle even warmth throughout.

These stoves are usually fitted with fire doors which can be opened when anyone wants to enjoy direct fierce heat from the burning coals. While the doors are open, fuel is, of course, burnt more wastefully.

The smallest of the range of Otto enclosed stoves, price about £17 10s., will heat a room of 3,000 cu. ft., using only ¾ to 1 cwt. of fuel a week. Some enclosed stoves, such as the Esse 400, can be fitted with back boilers when necessary.

ENCLOSED continuous-burning boilers earn top marks in the kitchen. Using a modest quantity of fuel, the Agamatic or Trianco give generous supplies of hot water as well as a certain number of central heating radiators. These boilers are economical with fuel because they are insulated against heat losses and are thermostatically controlled so that when water reaches the desired temperature the air supply is automatically cut down and the fire idles along, burning practically no fuel, until the water cools. Then the draught is automatically increased by the thermostat and the fire blazes up again.

The Agamatic, price about £50, excluding installation costs, will heat a well-lagged forty-gallon storage cylinder plus radiators with a total heating surface of 100 sq. feet, including the unlagged pipes. A forty-gallon cylinder will give two generous baths an hour. It is more difficult to say just what space 100 sq. feet of radiating surface will warm. So much depends on how many windows, doors and outside walls—all good escape routes for heat—the room has. But to give a rough and ready guide, 25 sq. ft. of radiating surface will heat a room of 1,000 cu. ft. fully, provided it has only one window, door and outside wall and no flue; 15 sq. ft. would give background warmth to the room.

Normally, unless a great deal of water is being used, the Agamatic only needs attention twice in twenty-four hours, but it is not possible to say just how much fuel it consumes, because this naturally depends on the amount of hot water used and how cold the weather is. It does, however, owing to the excellence of its design, use seventy per cent of the total heat in the coal, to raise the temperature of the water. In old-fashioned boilers only forty per cent was used.

A RECENT arrival on the market is the Baby Agamatic, which has all the good points of its bigger brother, including splendid insulation and (*Continued on page 70*)

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thermostatic control It will heat a twenty to forty gallon cylinder and the bathroom towel rail, and costs £29.

Gravity fed boilers, such as the Trianco, which stoke themselves scientifically and frugally, and whose air control supply is accurately regulated by an electric fan and a very sensitive thermostat, are even more sparing with fuel and put to good use eighty per cent of its total heat. But they are more expensive to buy. The smallest Trianco, for instance, costs over £100. It is difficult to estimate their fuel consumption for the reasons I have already given, but I do know one which provides a household of three adults with unlimited hot water and fully heats four small rooms, using only 2 tons 5 cwts. of anthracite a year in the process.

AS an alternative to boilers there are the enclosed insulated continuous burning cookers which also provide the household hot water. One of them, the new Rayburn No. 3, price £52 10s. complete, will cook for a family of six and give two or three baths a day, burning only 1½ to 1¾ cwts. of fuel weekly. It will not, however, heat radiators or towel rails.

When towel rails cannot be heated by the boiler, self-heating models, running on gas, electricity or paraffin oil, will spare you the discomforts of perpetually damp towels and an ice-cold bathroom.

THE Morris model, which burns paraffin, has three 36-inch wide water-filled rails. It uses one pint of paraffin every ten hours, so that burning continually, it only consumes two gallons a week, at 2s. 1d. a gallon. In cream enamel, the Morris costs £12 5s.

The Hurseal models are filled with diffusing oil to ensure an even distribution of warmth over their entire surfaces. They too consist of three rails, each 30 or 36 inches wide, and can be heated by gas or electricity. Those burning gas are fixed to the floor, and when gas is 1s. 6d. a therm they consume a pennyworth in just under twelve hours. Prices are approximately £27 and £29.

The electrically heated rails can be bracketed to the walls or fixed to the floor. They consume a unit of electricity every nine hours. Prices of the wall types are about £35 and £37; and the floor models £40.

CHEAPER to buy are the Belling panel-shaped towel airers, which can be fixed to the wall or provided with legs to make them portable. Made in two sizes, 14 and 23¼ inches wide, the smaller takes eleven and the larger seven hours to use up one unit of electricity. Prices range from about £7 12s. 9d. for the smaller wall type to £10 8s. for the larger portable model.

Some of these aids to winter comfort may at first glance appear to be costly to buy, especially when installation costs are added to the purchase price, but when their lasting qualities, their economical way with fuel and the comfort they give are taken into consideration, they prove to be well worth the money. By cutting down fuel bills they will over the years more than repay the initial outlay.

END

The Gay Philanderer (*Continued from page* 12)

Prudence Linnet was fragile and far away. Ethereal. Angelic. She might melt at a touch, and he longed to touch her, but dared not—so far. That was part of her charm. There was a barrier. She was inviolate. But if she could be won! Then she would be a bright flame, like the comet of her fire-coloured hair. . . .

She liked his music though, he thought. . . . He could never be sure. She was so damnably impersonal.

The other girl, Mollie Griffin, who taught the piano, was almost too obvious. She flattered Wingate when he played with her. She had a full figure and strong white arms. Never mind her faults! She was balm to Wingate, when Miss Linnet was too frigid. It was good to have a warm-hearted alternative. He stood behind her chair, when they practised together. He bent over her to point out suggestions in the music. . . .

"A little softer here, don't you think?"

"Yes, Mr. Wingate."

"And give me full support for this double stopping; don't hurry, my dear. . . ." He was so sensitive and tender!

"Yes, Mr. Wingate."

It was always, "Yes, Mr. Wingate."

His hand was on her shoulder. Now his arm was round her. He kissed her.

"Oh! Mr. Wingate!"

"You're very tempting, Mollie. . . ."

Then Miss Linnet was at the door, silent as a ghost. And Wingate could no longer imagine why he had kissed Miss Griffin.

"Tea is ready," said Prudence Linnet. Wingate looked across at her—and she was gone. . . . He followed her, without another word to Mollie. And so the days passed by. . . .

NOW and then, Wingate played for the boys and gave sketchy lectures on the composers and the music.

He played also for the headmaster and the staff, at small musical parties, where coffee and sandwiches were handed round by Prudence Linnet. Neighbours of suitable social standing were asked in to listen.

Many were bored and yawned, but Wingate was lionized in a mild way and he was constantly asked out to dine and to play. Often he drove Mollie Griffin with him in the car. And sometimes they stopped in lanes on the way home. Pleasant enough.

She filled his arms. Confound that wraith, Prudence. . . . Wingate felt like Jekyll and Hyde. Jekyll yearned after Prudence, but Hyde grasped at what he could get. . . .

Now it was Mollie, very close and not too particular. . . .

"You're asking for trouble, Mollie."

"It's your music, Cecil. . . ."

That was what he loved! The good incense of flattery—playing his way into women's hearts. . . .

"How marvellous you are," he said. "How responsive. I hate cold women——"

"Like Miss Linnet?" asked Mollie, in his embrace. Wingate cooled off on the instant.

"Let's play again," he said. "The de Beriot *Scène de Ballet*."

He enjoyed playing such music to admiring, uncritical audiences: fat tunes and flashy variations, not as difficult as they sounded. . . .

He swayed on his feet as he played, he mopped his brow when he had finished. He got away with it as a man of genius—but musically he was rather like the painter who has no accuracy in line drawing.

There was no solid foundation to his technique, although he could scramble through Scherzo-Tarantelles and Moto-Perpetuos. So now he played with Mollie, lingering juicily over the melodies and rushing slap-dash at the arpeggios and harmonies. . . .

"Wonderful!" said Mollie softly. "Wonderful."

"And you follow so perfectly," said Wingate. "Prudence couldn't do that." He thought he had said just the right thing.

"Prudence?" queried Mollie. "Oh! You mean Miss Linnet."

And then it was time for a lantern lecture on curious reptiles. . . .

"On the right of the picture you see the small spotted Zabuna. Note the forked tongue and prominent eyes. . . ."

Wingate was well placed, between Prudence and Mollie. He determined to be bold, to take Prudence's hand. He turned towards her, but she had slipped way in the darkness to answer a distant phone.

Hell, thought Cecil. What a ghastly flop.

Then Mollie twined her fingers into his tenderly, and his self-respect was restored.

AFTER the half-term holiday, Wingate returned to Sparkhurst full of plans. To break his way into Prudence's heart. To amuse himself on the side with Mollie. And above all to cover himself with glory at the Christmas Concert, where he would play a Mendelssohn slow movement, to show his soul, and a Paganini Caprice, to prove his virtuosity—good—great days ahead! Dr. Pellicue welcomed him warmly.

"Ha! My dear fellow, it's good to see you. Come to the study and take a glass of sherry with our new colleague, another Cambridge man."

"Delighted," said Wingate, mechanically, but he felt chilled.

The other Cambridge man was standing by the fire, very straight-up-and-down, very self-possessed.

"Bingham," said Dr. Pellicue, "this is Wingate, our classics master, and an excellent musician to boot."

The two young men shook hands.

"Stinks and soccer are my line," roared Bingham. "Not much of a dab at the piano."

"I'm not a pianist," said Wingate curtly.

"Dropped a brick!" said Bingham. "Sorry, old boy."

"No need to apologize."

"Mr. Wingate is a wonderful violinist," explained the headmaster, pouring out an excellent Vino de Pasto.

"Cheers!" said Bingham.

"You're a tonic, Bingham," said the Head. "You make me feel young! Don't you agree, Wingate?"

"I'm glad you feel benefited, sir," said Cecil coldly. "And I drink your health in this very fine sherry."

"D'you set up as an expert, old man?" cut in Bingham.

"I flatter myself that I can place a good wine," said Wingate. "Most gentlemen can."

"'Fraid I'm not a gentleman, then," remarked Bingham, almost winking at Pellicue. "But this tastes all right. Cheers again, with knobs on."

HE roared with laughter, and Dr. Pellicue was convulsed at such manly humour—so simple and clean! Wingate, preserving a frigid composure, refused another glass of sherry and left the room.

"Pressure of work, sir. I'm sure you'll understand."

As he closed the door after him, he fancied he heard the words, "Bit of a stuck-up ass. . . ."

Not too good. Not too rosy.

What did a fellow like Bingham mean by coming at half-term? Most irregular—the man was common and underbred. . . . The Head would soon realize his mistake. Now began a combat of giants, a clash of rival personalities!

In their respective ways, Wingate and Bingham were both poseurs and opportunists.

Wingate exploited his music and his charm; Bingham pulled out the he-man stop and was almost brutally masculine, deliberately. He cultivated clumsiness and roared cheerfully about the place, singing in his bath and upsetting chairs, tripping over mats—making schoolboy jokes. . . .

"Where was Moses when the light went out?" he shouted at Mollie Griffin.

"I've no idea, Mr. Bingham."

"With you, my dear!" blared Bingham. "With *you*, of course. Ha, ha! Call me Moses, won't you?" And Mollie giggled and goggled.

FOR Bingham was a regular magazine Greek god, with crisp, short, golden hair and broad shoulders and a bronzed complexion. Also he was understood to be a Soccer blue. . . .

Wingate came along and was stung to fury by seeing Mollie laughing at the barbarian's idiotic quips. (*Continued on page* 72)

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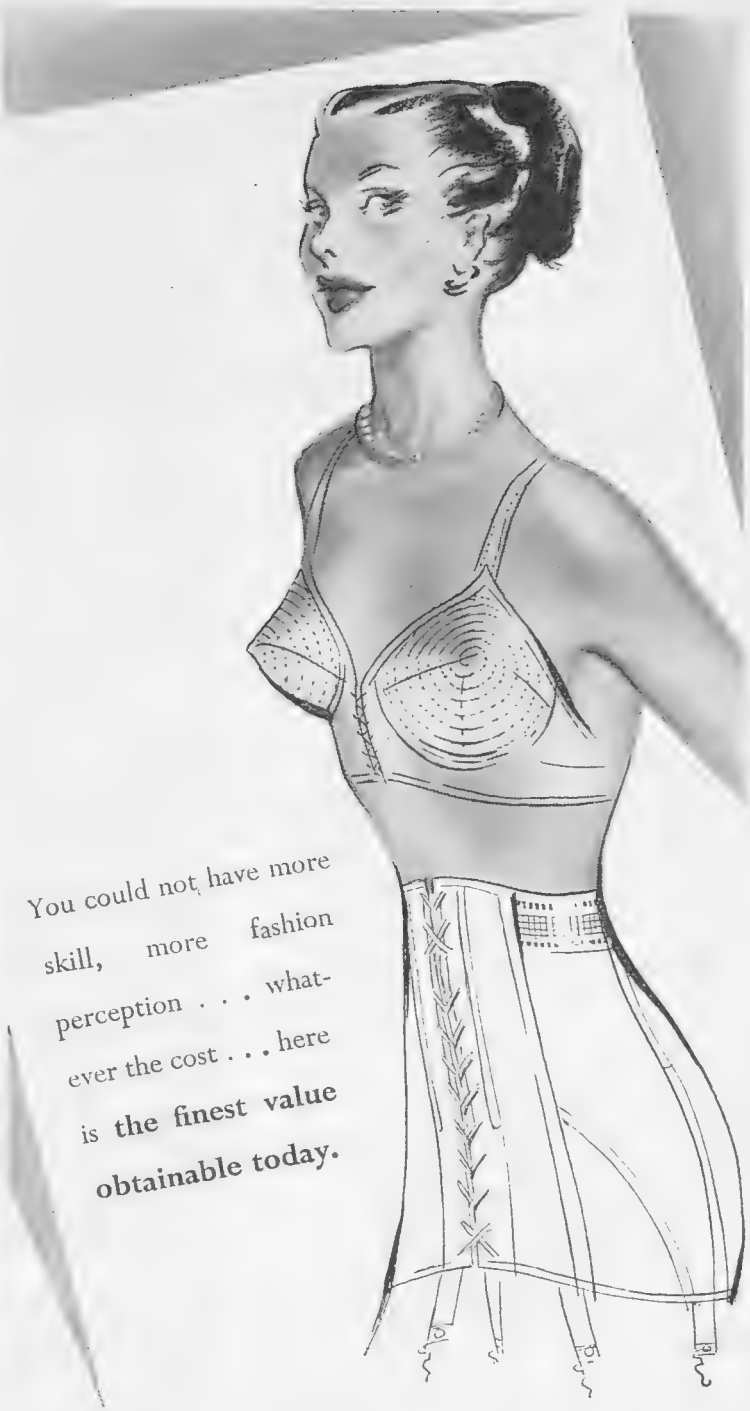

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"Hallo! Here comes old Kreisler," exclaimed Bingham, and went through the motions of scraping on a fiddle. Wingate was dignified and unmoved.

"I think we should have a practice this afternoon, Mollie," he said. "That Zapatendo of Sarasate and the Scherzo-Tarantelle of Wieniawski. . . ."

That would put Bingham out of his depth. Mollie must realize the difference—the sensitive artist—such a contrast. . . .

"I'd love to play, Cecil," she said. "What time?"

"After tea in the music-room," he replied, savouring a triumph. She would come to heel. . . .

"And don't forget the Humpty-Dumpty of Bumporfski," minced Bingham, imitating Wingate's voice. "And mind the pedal doesn't squeak. I'll be with you."

Mollie laughed again, and Wingate walked angrily away.

He tried to comfort himself. After all, she doesn't count. It's Prudence that matters. Mollie is the same class as Bingham. No breeding. But Prudence! Ah!

And Prudence was the same elusive mystery as ever. She looked through people. She handed a cup of coffee or a cigarette—and was gone. . . .

Then you'd see her in the doorway, wearing a snow-white dress, her hair caught up in a net of gold—aloof and impartial to musicians and athlete alike. . . .

BINGHAM'S bedroom was next to Wingate's and he had made it into a miniature gymnasium where, after a cold tub, he performed horrid rites in the early dawn with Indian clubs and other delights. . . . He skipped with ruthless and rhythmic energy, bouncing on his toes and counting aloud.

Wingate dragged himself from bed, railing against fate, and counter-attacked by an avalanche of arpeggios and a popping of pizzicato, followed by octave studies which were not quite in octaves. He opened his door. . . .

The landing became purgatory for other more normal people: Nurse, Matron and Mr. Cockle, who taught geography and botany and entomology.

"Most disturbing," protested Mr. Cockle. "My collection of moths is being shaken to powder."

But Mollie stuck up for Bingham, much to Wingate's chagrin.

"I like a man to be fit," she said.

Fit! Detestable word.

"Well, I play games, don't I?" said Cecil.

"Yes, but Bob Bingham says you don't even know the rules and the boys laugh at you."

"Oh! He says that, does he? Blundering ape. I bet I know more about football than he does about music."

"Well, anyhow it's childish of you to play scales and wake everybody up, just because Bob is a real man," said Mollie.

"Then what about you sleeping next to him, instead of me?" suggested Wingate bitterly. "I expect you'd both like it."

"Shut up."

"You liked me well enough before Tarzan came."

"I was fed up," said Mollie. "No men here except Pellicue and Cockles. . . ."

"You oughtn't to be in a school at all," said Wingate. "You ought to be in——"

"Hospital!" said Bingham, appearing from nowhere and slugging him on the jaw.

"You wonderful savage!" cried Mollie.

"Little woman," said Bob, and caught her to his heart.

POOR Wingate. His world was crumbling beneath his feet.

Courage! He had his art! At the great end-of-term concert he would shine. When Mollie heard the succulent tone, the glittering cascades and roulades of sound, she would come to her senses. She would realize, with luminous clarity, how blind she had been—why! Even Prudence might be moved, if she were not putting mothballs in cupboards. . . . Prudence! Thou star. . . .

Wingate felt chaste and tender, wistfully poetic.

IT was two or three evenings after this that Wingate discovered the strange boy wandering about in the passages. He was a thin boy in a huge blue overcoat with a velvet collar He had a large jutting nose on a pale face, and his eyes were very brilliant.

"Hallo! What's your name?"

"Isaacs," said the boy, in a firm voice, "I am Isaacs."

"Well, Isaacs, this is Sparkhurst School. Have you got to the right place?"

"Course I have. What d'you think? I walked up because there were no taxis. Get my luggage fetched at once——"

"Dash it all, I'm a master here. You can't talk to me like that," said Wingate. "You must call me Sir."

"Why?" said Isaacs.

"Because boys always call masters, Sir," said Wingate.

"But I'm Isaacs," said the creature persistently.

And then Wingate noticed the violin case. That altered everything! How delightful to patronize budding talent—to guide stumbling fingers—to show how the passages *should* be played. "Like this, you see my boy. It's really quite simple."

"Oh! Thank you, sir. You're such a help."

Aloud he said: "I see you are a violinist, Isaacs. I play myself and I shall be pleased to give you any advice, if you are staying with us. . . ." He sounded so benevolent.

"Always glad to discuss technique," said Isaacs briskly. A bit shattering, but Wingate persisted. He must assert himself. . . .

"There is a concert here soon," he said. "I am playing one or two little items, a Paganini Caprice, a Scherzo-Tarantelle——"

"Of Wieniawski?" interrupted Isaacs. "Student stuff, waste of time——"

"Who in thunder d'you think you are?" asked Wingate, cruelly stung.

"Isaacs," said Isaacs. "I say, how do you control your down-bow staccato?"

Memory stirred and Wingate suddenly saw a large pile of gramophone records before his eyes. Elgar Violin Concerto, recorded by Isaacs, with the Boston Symphony Orchestra—Brahms Violin Concerto, recorded by Isaacs—Isaacs—Isaacs—Isaacs—Bach unaccompanied Suites recorded by Isaacs—Vitali Chaconne—Isaacs—the eleven-year-old miracle. . . .

"I'm filling in time here," said Isaacs. "Before my London debut—general education, they call it—silly nonsense. I know French, German, Italian, Spanish and some Russian."

THE great concert no longer had any meaning for Wingate. To play in front of Isaacs? Worse still, to be shown up by comparison with Isaacs. . . . Beaten in love. Beaten in music. A rotton school. He must move on sooner than he had expected. But he would have to stay and face out the end of the term. He would probably have to endure another three months after Christmas. . . .

He pretended to know all about Isaacs, and to take it as a matter of course. He acted a part and tried to be unconcerned.

"Will you play at the concert now, Mr. Wingate?" asked Mollie, sadistically, and Bob laughed outright.

"Hard cheese, old man. Fancy the joker turning up!"

"No surprise to me," lied Wingate. "I am in the Head's confidence." But he knew the boys were all sniggering behind his back. . . .

"Can't play footer for toffee, and can't even play the fiddle as well as a Jew kid of eleven. . . ."

At last the concert came, and Wingate, for very shame, had to go through with it, as if nothing were changed. The platform was crammed with notables and celebrities; the hall was packed full of boys and parents and horrid little sisters with skimpy plaits. . . .

Oh! Sad dreams of glory and triumph!

Mollie, seated at the piano, was no longer his willing slave. She was grinning at Bob, who sat in the third row, making faces at her boyishly. . . .

And Prudence, lovely Prudence, she was sitting on the platform next to the Head. And there was Isaacs, calm and confident, looking about him without a qualm.

So Wingate had to play. There is no need to tell of his awful trials—the quivering bow arm, the stand that fell over, the string that slipped. . . . Enough said. Wingate finished, bedewed with agony.

Even Mollie was sorry for him, and remembered happier days. Even Prudence showed some humanity, for she clapped and cried Encore. . . . But it was too late. . . .

AND then Isaacs played (from memory, of course). Firm, pliable, assured. Every note a pearl. Never a slip. Never a flaw. Technical difficulties did not exist for him. Watch that down-bow staccato from heel to point, so finely geared! Listen to the double-stoppings, the harmonies, the left hand pizzicatos—the power of tone, the stability and the caressing beauty. . . .

All from an ugly little boy with a big nose and bitten nails. . . .

Wingate bowed his head and was humbled.

Most salutary. . . .

But his ordeals were not yet over.

For after many speeches and votes of thanks Dr. Pellicue rose to his feet for the fifteenth time and beamed upon the assembly.

"My lords, ladies and gentlemen," he said fruitily, savouring the titles. "I have one more announcement to make. Something personal—something sacred—and yet something which, if I mistake not, will add rich blessings to our beloved school. My lords, ladies and gentlemen, the lady now seated next to me, Miss Prudence Linnet, my trusted and beloved secretary has now done me the honour to accept my hand in marriage."

Wingate was crushed. Prudence and that snobbish old moneybag, Pellicue—repulsive thought. Prudence selling herself for comfort and security. . . .

Now she was standing up, holding the headmaster's hand—all white as a rose, crowned with flame, and smiling—actually smiling, as if she were happy. . . .

How they all shouted and applauded!

And, most sickening of all, Wingate heard Bingham roar out in a jolly voice:

"Three more cheers for Doctor Pellicue and his lady! Three cheers *with knobs on*!"

That was the end—knobs on! The idiotic vulgarity that had fascinated old Pellicue.

Hammer blows of fate for the dilettante philanderer. . . .

A regular cautionary tale.

THE next day Wingate slunk away in his little car, seen off by a not-so-obsequious Hedges.

There was only one thing to do. He must go back and see little Judy Flinders, who had cried her eyes out when he left St. Cyprian's School five months earlier. Little Judy with the fluffy blonde curls—she would restore his self-esteem.

He caught her just in time, before she escaped for the holidays.

"Judy," he said emotionally. "Judy, I've come back. I never meant to hurt you. Judy, my darling. . . ."

"Sorry, dear Cecil," she said, holding up her left hand, with a sparkling ring upon the third finger. "I'm engaged."

"Engaged! Engaged!" The cry was torn from the heart of a shattered pride—no ground was firm any longer—not even Judy. . . .

"Yes, Cecil," she simpered prettily. "I'm engaged to such a big cave-man, such a hugeous big footballer. I met him last hols."

"His name?" asked Wingate. "His name, I beg of you?"

"Bob Bingham, the great brute," said Judy sweetly. "He's coming for me by train tomorrow. Isn't it twee?"

"Hell!" said Cecil, and then he began to laugh. . . .

"Anyhow, Mollie will have a lovely surprise," he said, "or *you* will, my pretty!"

And leaving Judy, entirely bewildered, he drove rapidly away towards a gigantic question mark.

END

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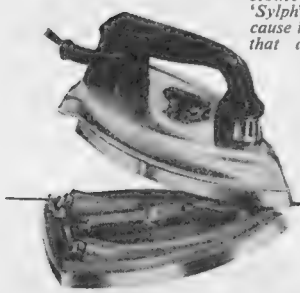

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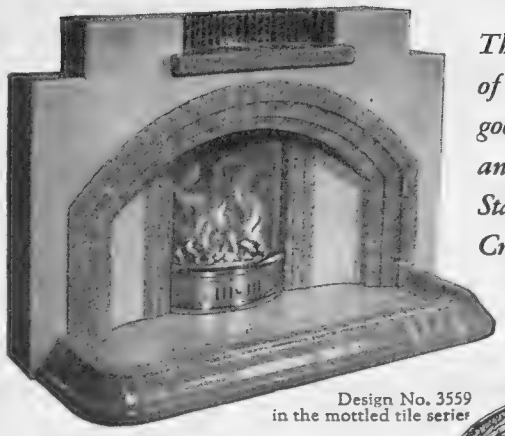

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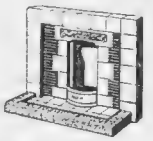

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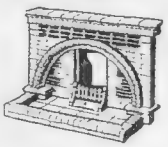

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The Prodigal Son (*Continued from page 12*)

They stood facing each other. Sylvia was wearing the evening dress he had persuaded her to buy when they were in Paris.

"It's no good," he said. "I've heard all you've had to say. But my mind's made up."

Slowly she lowered her head.

She knelt down.

"On my knees I beg of you for my own sake, Charles. Please forgive him."

For an instant he looked down on her in pity. Then he remembered it was for Rodney she was pleading—not for love.

"No," he said, and walked out of the room.

* * *

The Law took its course. Rodney begged his mother not to attend the trial. He pleaded guilty and was sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

The next morning Sylvia received a letter he had posted on his way to court. This letter she did not show Charles until later.

Darling Mummy,

After what's happened I can't come home. Please try to understand. I'll always love you so long as I live. You know that. I won't write to you from prison even if I can. But you can find out from them the day I'm due to be released. Don't meet me. You must promise me that. And don't let Daddy see this. In return I'll make you a promise. I'll meet you the Wednesday after I get out, in the park at Speakers' Corner. In the evening at six. I'll explain everything then. Meantime, try not to worry. Bless you, darling. And please forgive me. Much love,

Rodney.

* * *

Rodney was released on a Monday four months later. He had gained two months' remission for good conduct. The following Wednesday at five-thirty Sylvia paid off a taxi at Marble Arch and walked across to Speakers' Corner. Feverishly she scanned the faces of the passers-by. Perhaps he would be early. There were few people about because it was a bleak evening. She would find him easily. Time passed slowly. Towards seven it began to rain. Rodney must come soon. At seven-thirty she must leave the park. Charles would return from his club in time to change for dinner at eight, and he must not suspect. The winter rain was now falling steadily. Perhaps Rodney was ill. That was it. He was ill. He would telephone to her. Perhaps he had already tried to reach her at the house.

At twenty minutes to eight, Sylvia took a taxi home. Charles was waiting for her in the hall.

"You're drenched. Whatever's happened to you?"

"I went to a cocktail party. I couldn't get a taxi back," she lied quickly, trying to stop shivering.

Charles looked at her curiously, but he said nothing more. He had not mentioned Rodney's name since the trial.

* * *

There was no message from Rodney that evening. Nor did Sylvia hear from him during the next five days when she was in bed trying to shake off her fever.

The following Wednesday she dressed as quickly as she could and hurried out into the cold darkness in spite of her maid's protests. For an hour she waited for Rodney in the empty park. When she reached home she collapsed and was carried to bed.

Then it was she showed Charles the letter, when they both knew that she was dying.

"Find him," she kept saying. "Please find him."

"I promise you I will," he cried. "Oh, my darling, forgive me for all I've done."

"Find him. Only find him."

The full powers of determination and wealth were then employed to find Rodney. Private detectives, advertisements, rewards, patient inquiries at home and abroad—all were useless. It was known beyond doubt that Rodney left prison that Monday morning at six a.m. From the instant he left the prison Rodney had vanished into oblivion, leaving not even a trace.

And that was three years ago. . . .

* * *

"He could have delivered him to the authorities," the man repeated stupidly.

"Give the needle a shove, old cock."

Desperately the man forced his mind back to the present.

"He could have delivered him over to the authorities," he said, "and he might never have seen his face again. Think then of his agony of remorse. Think then of the evenings towards sunset when he would have prayed that his son might once again be walking towards him across the fields so that he could run forward and clasp him to his arms."

The man paused. His eyes seemed fixed on the light of a park lamp near by.

"What then can we learn from the story?" he continued. "It is this. There will be more joy in heaven over one sinner who repents than over ninety-nine just persons who need no repentance. Fathers and sons, if we repent we shall be forgiven. Surely, surely, if we have suffered enough we shall be forgiven, even here in this world, before that day when there will be no more tears and no more bitterness. Thus should we pray in our own heart, saying: I have sinned. Pray God forgive me, let mankind forgive me, grant me only the chance to mend the evil I have done."

* * *

The crowd had drifted away into the dusk. But by the lamp a young man was standing motionless. The preacher picked up his stool and moved slowly towards him, his hope dragging him towards the light.

END

What Was Christ Like? (*Continued from page 20*)

prominent and change their colour. He has never been seen to laugh."

Today it is realized that the greatest masterpieces of all time—Michelangelo's "Last Judgment," Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper," Rembrandt's "Christ and Mary Magdalene"—are no more based on fact than a twentieth-century painting executed with the aid of a model.

For authenticity we have to fall back on strange relics. One is the Pudens handkerchief. One of the treasures of the Vatican, it shows a vague outline of an oval face. Legend has it that St. Peter drew the sketch for the daughter of a Roman senator who had been converted.

ANOTHER weird relic is the Veronica handkerchief. It is kept in St. Peter's, Rome, and shows the blurred outline of a face. The story is that a woman watching the journey to Calvary walked a few yards beside Jesus and wiped His face with the handkerchief. Afterwards she saw that the perspiration had left a perfect imprint of His features.

Scientifically, of course, this legend has to be rejected. An even more remarkable one has been supported by prolonged investigation with every device that science can provide. Credulity is possibly strained, but the technical findings are formidable in confirmation.

This is the Turin Shroud. From it precise details of Christ's appearance have been collated, with the result that Pope Pius XI, in 1936, said that the pictures of Christ taken from the shroud were "the most beautiful, most suggestive, most precious that one can imagine."

The shroud, so the story runs, was removed by St. Peter and St. John from the empty tomb on Easter Day. Where it was hidden until it turned up in Constantinople in the sixth century is not known, but Crusaders later took it to France, where in 1532 it was damaged by fire. It was then taken to Turin Cathedral, where it still remains.

The stains on it were ignored until early this century when it was removed for photographing. In the developing room it was noticed that the negatives gave a positive picture of a head and body. In other words, the camera had photographed a negative picture. At intervals since then more and more pictures have been taken, until just after the war a complete technical investigation was made.

Microscopic investigation showed that the cloth was herringbone twill of the type made on hand looms in the Middle East from prehistoric times. The stains were regarded as fermentation urea, a substance created by the sweat of feverish pain acting on the myrrh and aloe spices in which the body would have been laid. Where the body was close to the shroud the stains were greater; where the touch was light stains were faint or non-existent. If the shroud had remained on the body after decomposition began it would have rotted entirely away. Experiment shows that in warm conditions a minimum of thirty-six hours could pass before the staining became severe. This was, of course, about the period of Christ's interment until the Resurrection.

THE burial custom of the Jews was to take a piece of cloth about fifteen feet long, to lay the corpse on one half lengthwise, then turn it over the head and down to the feet. Thus the imprint is perfectly feasible as regards the position of the shroud.

The shadowy marks are of a man 5 feet 11 inches in height with a prominent nose, deep-set eyes, and hair hanging down each side of the face. There is a moustache and short beard.

The feet are placed with the left over the right, the left knee bent. There is a single stain at foot level, indicating only one nail piercing both feet. The hands are crossed over the body, and the nail mark stain is through the wrists. This was the method used, as tests with amputated hands indicate that nailing through the palms would not hold the flesh. On the rear half of the sheet are many little stains rather like tadpoles in shape. These are believed to be the scourge marks, and show that the Roman-type scourge in which metal balls were embedded at the end of the leather lash was used.

Until fifty years ago it was thought that the Turin Shroud might have been a painting, despite its very great age. Apart from the fact that no early artist would have known about painting in negative, tests have shown that the stains are not made with any known artists' pigment.

At the best the Turin Shroud gives the authentic stature of Christ. For the details of colouring there are only the legends to go by, with all their conflicting evidence. There is the Lentulus comment of wine-coloured hair, the Pudens handkerchief with its scant hair and clean-shaven chin; the very early Roman catacomb fresco with a heavy black beard and drooping moustache, and a Byzantine mosaic of almost identical appearance. And there are the varied portrayals of the greatest artists of all time.

Definite proof of Christ's appearance will never be found. He will remain the ultimate goal of every artist attempting to portray perfection as he envisages it.

END

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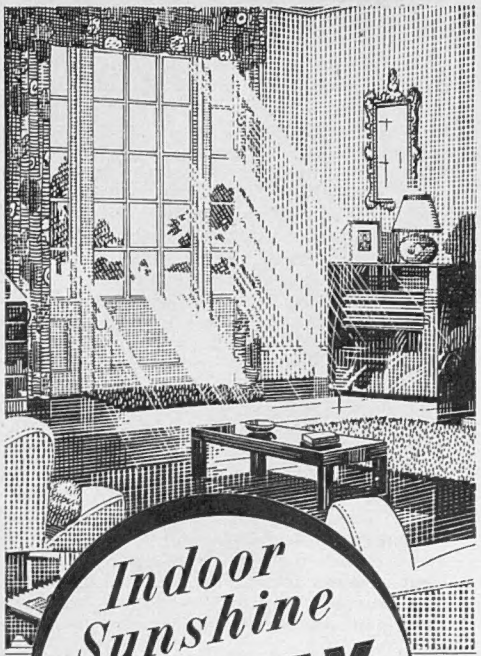

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Licence To Renew (*Continued from page 45*)

were going to open a shop—which automatically enlarged the sitting-room. The other—in what we already planned as a lounge hall—had become an ordinary flat window. But what really pulled the house together was the extra central window between the original two upstairs.

Our next operation, tackled a year or so later, was the most expensive and complicated of all. It involved turning the back bedroom of the second cottage into a landing and bathroom/lavatory. That, in turn, meant building a cesspool. We had to replace one original staircase, which had led cottage-fashion from the downstairs back room, with a new one leading logically from the new hall (combined sitting-room and passage of the second cottage). Original bedroom doors had to be replaced by new ones so that the remaining three bedrooms all opened separately to the landing.

Minor jobs included a secondary hot water system—an electric storage tank that is perhaps our best investment—a new front door and canopy, a french window at the back, an oriel window to light the staircase and screeding the concrete ground floor ready for wood blocks.

WE found cunning ways to surmount difficulties. We learnt that it is quite feasible to block up a chimney completely and put a door where the fire used to be if that is the most convenient place for it. Faced with a hall without a suitable place for a cloaks' cupboard, we let one into the side of the staircase so that it projected into an adjoining room where it automatically created a recess for bookshelves. This "dovetailing" device could solve the problem of those who want built-in cupboards in adjacent rooms without suitable alcoves.

All this work cost about £700. At last, it was possible *upstairs* to get from one cottage to the other. Had I been content with plain white, instead of the more costly peach bathroom fittings, we might have had a way through on the ground floor, too. As it was, money ran out before we got round to the double folding doors in the party wall that were to link the cottages downstairs. So visitors arriving correctly at the new front door had to be conducted up the new staircase, through the bedrooms and down the other side to get to the living quarters! It was nearly two years before we recovered sufficiently financially and physically to tackle this problem.

This underlined the great practical lesson of the whole project. By nature, I am of the "perfection or nothing" school. Makeshifts, I tend to argue, are apt to become permanencies no longer even resented. So every detail must be done perfectly as we went. Unless, for example, the cork floor we had promised ourselves was laid when the bathroom was built, we should never get it. . . .

Now I should say: Concentrate on first things first. Compromise if you must, but certainly make the whole place usable and convenient as soon as possible, and titivate later. Better roughly white-washed walls throughout the house than one room expensively papered and the rest still unplastered. My wife—women are practical creatures—says this is a truism. I can only confess that it wasn't to me.

Still, the double doors were finally achieved, with two new fireplaces, at a total cost of £100. In addition to "major" items we have spent about £100 on electrical work, which includes a positive plethora of wallplugs, and another £500 on "extras" during the six years. Excessive? But "extras" includes decoration, outdoor work (paths, garden walls and fences, coal shed, new guttering, all trees and plants), and a hundred and one pleasant luxuries, like oil-filled radiators, built-in bookshelves and electric fires and specially designed lighting fittings.

In its original derelict state, no building society would accept the property as security. But we were able to raise a good deal of the money, including even part of the purchase price, through a life insurance/house purchase scheme which admits unpromising property with "possibilities." The house is still unfinished—our glamorous new kitchen still exists only on paper and wood block floors seem as far away as ever. But it has just been valued at £4,500 and it now begins to look something like the original drawings.

The whole cost, spread over several years, has been something under £2,500, but it is only right to say that the "stop and go" progress imposed by the restrictions at that time in force made this total higher than it need have been if we could have carried right on with our project.

Today in summer, the picture window in the sitting-room "brings the garden into the house" as it was meant to do. The "grand" staircase sweeps as elegantly into the hall as we hoped. And, as we told ourselves it would be, the long ground-floor room with its folding doors is "perfect for a party." Unfortunately, we can no longer afford the party.

END

it takes twelve men all the year to keep the windows of the six hundred rooms clean, another does nothing daily but wind the three hundred clocks, and there is nearly half a mile of corridor to be swept. Incidentally, in June, 1947, two U.S. students who found they couldn't sleep in the Green Park owing to the number of people walking about, hopped over the Palace wall and slept in a shrubbery, where they were found next morning! Excellent photographs—one of the White Drawing-room in colour—illustrate this elegant informative quarto.

YET another gardening book? But W. P. A. Robinson's **"Making Your Garden Pay"** (Faber, 12s. 6d.) bristles with practicality, showing what flowers, vegetables and fruit are best-sellers, and how to grow and market them, with chapters on hens, geese, ducks, pigs, bees and other (we trust) money-spinners.

RARE foreign dishes which can be made from ingredients available here are Theodora FitzGibbon's chief concern in **"Cosmopolitan Cookery In An English Kitchen"**(Verschoyle, 10s.). Robin Howe has raked all Germany for the best and most unusual recipes in **"German Cooking"** (Deutsch, 10s 6d.).

RARELY has one month yielded so many top-grade novels. First, Stuart Cloete's **"The Curve And The Tusk"** (Collins, 12s. 6d.) because at a time when most are written for women, this is also a virile tale of the African forest for men: about an old hunter, Carew, who comes back to trail a 10-ft. tusker, a Moby Dick of elephants, which he'd shot and lamed long, long ago. It seems a lot of fuss about an elephant (or two), but then people do become obsessed in elephants, as in whales, pekes, poodles and guinea pigs. Linked with the quest and its dramatic climax is the idyllic love of two young natives.

Books (*Continued from page 32*)

ONE sympathizes with another African native in Peter Lanham's **"Blanket Boy's Moon"** (Collins, 12s. 6d.), "based on" a story by Basuto chief A. S. Mopeli-Paulus. Not only is he called a bastard by whites in places like Johannesburg, Durban, Lourenço Marques, he is chosen by his tribe to carry out a ritual murder which brings him to justice. Like *Cry, The Beloved Country*, this is an acute study of native life caught in the cleft between the old and the new: by no means faultless, but naïvely sincere.

I WOULDN'T call the post-mortem hauntings of a man hanged for murdering his wife's lover exactly a ha-ha theme for a novel, but Chris Massie makes a psychic allegory of them in **"Death Goes Hunting"** (Faber, 12s. 6d.). Still partly earthbound to the scenes and people in his life, including his victim, accusers, consolers, mother and young daughter—he sees them, and himself, in a new spiritual light which makes a mockery of the religious and legal aspects of capital punishment. At the end of the dream—for it amounts to that—he still has to go to the scaffold. Baffling in some of its symbolism, it is yet a challengingly original story which only a courageous author would think of tackling.

IT is not easy to portray children with just that blend of little angel, devil and monkey that makes them convincing. Royston Morley succeeds with a round half-dozen in **"The Chanctonbury Ring"** (Methuen, 15s.), two of them the daughters of an Archdeacon in a cathedral town, whose house is the focal point. The story is of their diverse growth into adulthood, love, marriage, war, and—in the case of one girl—the convent veil. It has the pulse of real life in it, and merits the admiration of all intelligent readers.

SPLIT personality is no modern phenomenon; it could afflict even a Regency buck. One, Miles Lufton, was the idealistic parson's son reacting from a materialistic society; the other, whom his friends knew as Pronto, was the poor place-hunter who cultivated the high-ups, stayed in their houses, became M.P., then an important member of the Government. In **"Troy Chimneys"** (Macmillan, 11s. 6d.), Margaret Kennedy tells his story from an autobiography he left behind, plus letters written about him in a later generation. It is a vivid period piece, amusing, sometimes affecting, notably in the love episodes.

PRINCE RUPERT, not of the Civil War, but of the Restoration, is Elizabeth d'Oyley's hero of **"The English March"** (Michael Joseph, 10s 6d.): the ex-Cavalier general who became Navy commander and devoted his leisure to painting, chemical experiment, invention, and loving the madcap Lady Francesca Bard after she had held him up as a masked highwaywoman. A stirring cloak-and-sword, written with historical passion if not scrupulous accuracy.

TO Ursula Keir, vintage-time in the Beaujolais country is no mere Bacchic pastoral but a turbulent climactic in which skinflint *vignerons* fight the *vendangeurs* who come to work for them, sudden death may stalk even the riotous harvest fête, and Genoese labourers on the run get into love tangles with local girls and wives. The dramatic colour she puts into **"The Vintage"** (Collins, 10s. 6d.) is as heady as the red juice of the grapes.

WOE to the widow who buys a concession in the Kam district of Indo-China. The sea will flood her land. When she builds dykes they will break, When her son buys an old horse for transport work he will totter and die. She will have an endless fight for survival against corrupt Survey Agents. Her son will go off to the town, her daughter love neither wisely nor well. A tragic figure, this widow, in Marguerite Duras's **"A Sea Of Troubles"** (Methuen, 12s. 6d.), translated from the French by Antonia White, but unforgettable as a portent of pioneering life in a strange land.

END

1.4.53

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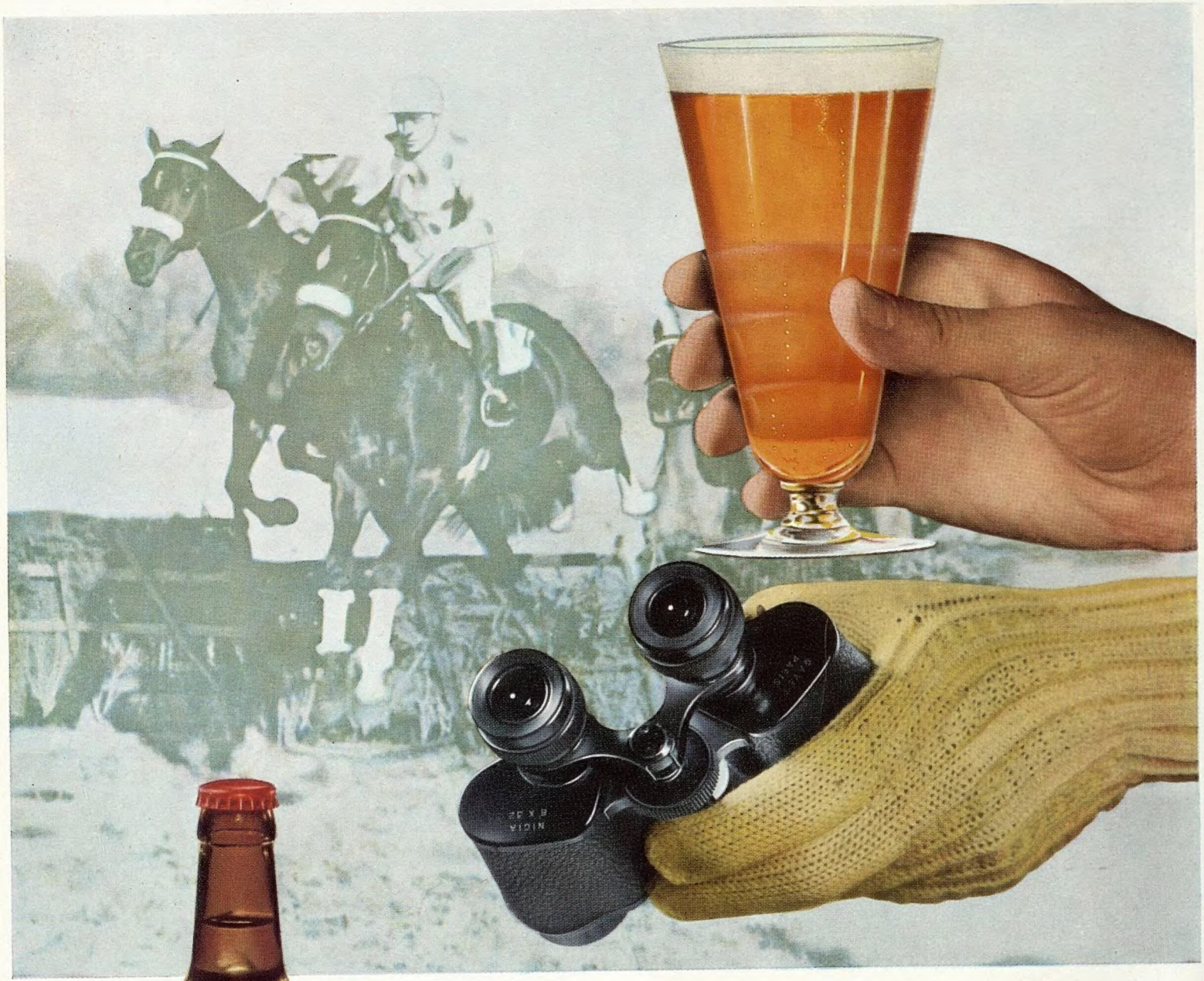

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